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DETECTIVE STORIES

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

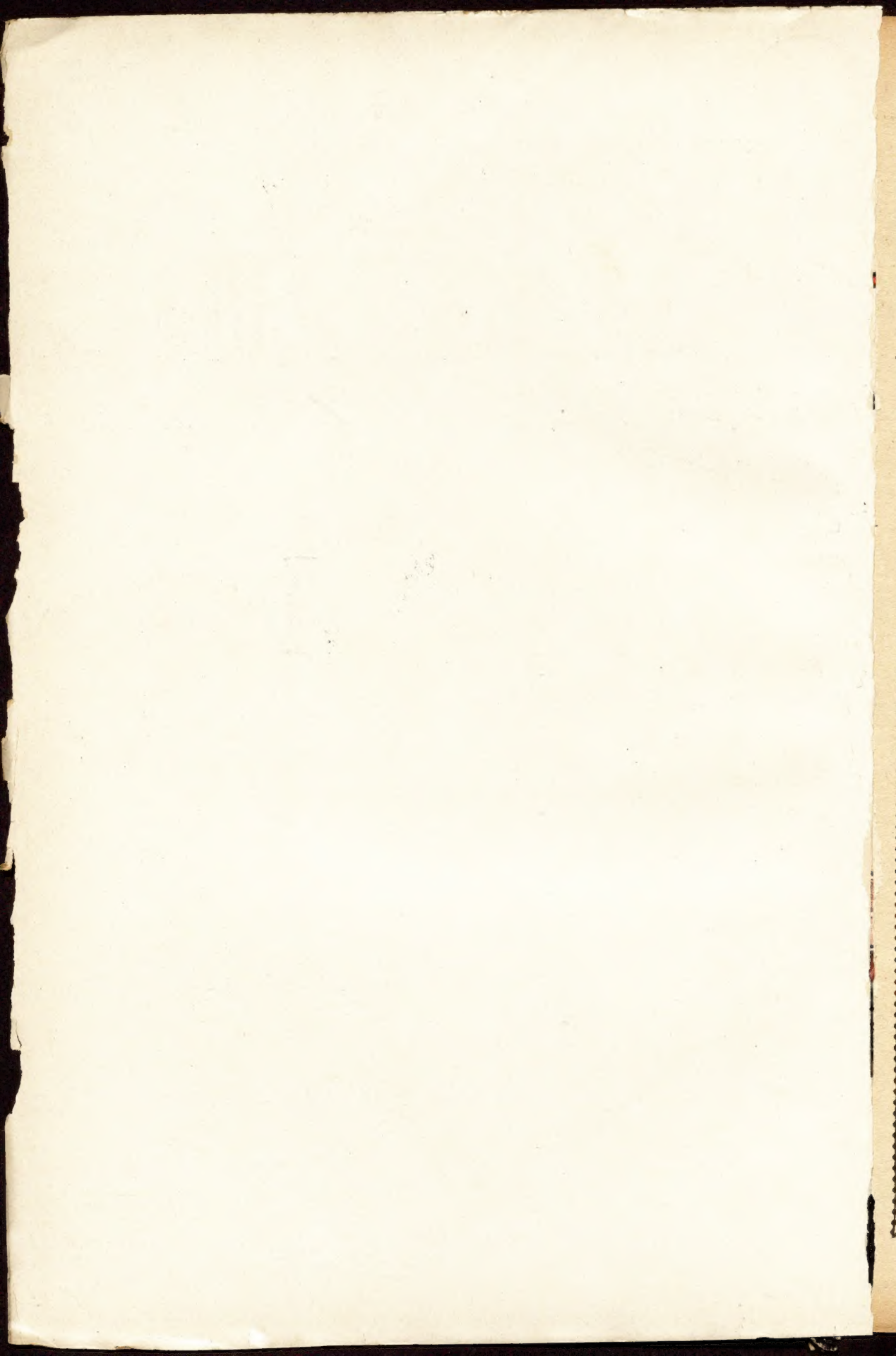
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FEATURE DETECTIVE STORY
THE HAND
IN THE DARK
BY
Charles Fulton Oursler

W. H. RADLEY



MYSTERY MAGAZINE

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Watch For No. 131

WE wish to call your special attention to the next number of this magazine to be issued on or before May 1st. It is going to contain another really wonderful detective novelette written by that prince of story writers George Bronson Howard. The title is "The Trail of a Rogue." This story was written exclusively for "Mystery Magazine" by the talented author of "Six Months to Live," published in No. 125 of this magazine. Most of our subscribers no doubt have read that remarkable novelette and therefore know what an entertaining writer the author was. His new story is even more fascinating than the other, and deals with the exploits of a master detective in pursuit of a master crook. Every line in the story will hold you breathless with interest. We cannot urge you too strongly to read this truly wonderful narrative. And in the future we intend to give you more of Mr. Howard's delightful work.

The short stories coming in the next number are also the very best we have ever prepared for our readers. They are all bright, snappy detective yarns on a wide variety of subjects and go along with a zip that will surely please you. The authors are past-masters in the art of story telling and every one of them is popular in the bigger magazines, so you see you are due for a literary treat that will satisfy all tastes for detective fiction.

Mr. Mills has written another of his special articles for us relating to the guardians of the law that cannot fail to rivet your interest from the start and hold it to the end. Then there will be some other articles by experts on the subject of police and detectives in their work of protecting our citizens against the depredations of all sorts of crooks.

As some of our readers have written that they like the short, pithy sketches we publish we will have a large number in the next issue, and not one of them is lacking in interest.

There will be the usual handsome colored cover and some exceptionally good inside illustrations. In short, we are striving to make No. 131 the very best issue we have ever produced and assure our readers that it will well repay them to get a copy.

THE EDITOR.

The Hand in the Dark

by
Charles Fulton Oursler



CHAPTER ONE

I HAVE never found out how Mrs. Remslow learned my address. She had been in England for years. We had not corresponded. There had been a time when I thought she and I would be married; in fact, with the optimistic folly of a very young man, I actually deluded myself into believing that she was in love with me. A proposal was forming on my lips the very night that she told me she was going to become Remslow's wife.

All of my friends are aware of it, so there is no reason for me to conceal the fact that this disappointment in love made me a most unfriendly man. My little income was sufficient to keep me. I left Anita—I cannot avoid calling her that in my own thoughts—in a daze. Through the ensuing months, and even years, part of that daze persisted. I moved my lodgings from East Sixty-second street to a quiet part of Forest Hills, where I boarded with an old man and his wife. I gave up the opera, the concert, the theatre. The art galleries knew me no more. I spent my time tramping over the Long Island wastes, the seashore and my room, crowded with its books.

Yet one snowy afternoon in early Feb-

ruary old Painter, the man with whom I boarded, tapped on my door and informed me that a lady was waiting to see me in the living-room below.

I was completely surprised. Having no friends, not even acquaintances, I could not imagine how it could come to pass that I should have a woman visitor. At first I decided to refuse to meet her. Then my old habit of curiosity, one of my strongest traits, prevailed. I promised to be down in a moment.

The early dusk filled the old house with vague purple shadows as I descended the stairs and entered the living-room. One glance and I recognized her.

"Anita!" I exclaimed. Her name escaped me before I could command myself. The shock was tremendous; my feelings were swirling.

She rose and came toward me, and my amazement turned to a shocked pity. It was not that her beauty had faded. I do not think that would be possible. But it was the defeated evidence of shame on her fine features which struck me. When I had known her first she was nobly beautiful. Now she was like some haunted ghost, furtive and frightened.

She held out her hand with a faint shad-

ow of her old poised grace, then suddenly drew back, covered her face with her hands and began to sob. This naturally unmanned me. Any woman in tears is a destroying spectacle, but the woman one loves, and one so sadly changed, weeping, is a sight to shake the strongest.

"What has happened?" I asked her tenderly as I led her to a chair.

In a little while she was able to speak to me, and then she asked me an astonishing question.

"John Hunter," she said, "have you heard what I have become?"

I shook my head, not trusting myself to speak.

"I am a spirit medium!" she told me.

In utter confusion I stared at her. A spirit medium? I could not understand. Spirit mediums were associated in my mind with police-station stories in the newspapers, with broken-down houses in shabby streets and ignorant women in blowsy attire. How could this cultured and lovely woman be a spirit medium?

"I see that you are shocked," she said. "Certainly it is very shocking to people like us. But it is what I deserved, I guess. I know you, John, for what you are. If you thought I had come here to complain against my husband you would not listen. And yet that is what I have come here to do!"

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"Oh, if he were only dead!" she exclaimed. "I have wished my husband dead a hundred times!"

"Anita!" I exclaimed, aghast. "Anita, you do not mean that!"

A slight noise in the dark shadows at the other side of the room arrested my attention. Old man Painter suddenly loomed up out of the gloom. The inquisitive old gossip had been sitting there listening all the time. But now he seemed to feel that he had better be leaving, and without another word he shuffled out of the room. I heard him mumbling to himself as he passed down the hallway to the back of the house.

"Don't mind him!" I said. "He doesn't know you, and he's half dead, anyway. But—you mustn't talk about your husband like that, you know!"

"I must!" she persisted bitterly. "It is he who has made me what I am to-day. He lied to me. He pretended to be very wealthy. He blinded me and dazzled me with his bland ways and his suave insinuations. Oh, John, if I only had it to do all over again! He took me to England, and there I learned the truth. He was practically penniless. He had married me, deliberately intending to make me do the very thing that I am doing now—be a medium!"

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"I am a liar, a cheat, a vile fraud, and I am making dupes of the rich people who come to me, paying me to call back their sacred dead from the graves. I haven't one single ounce of real mediumistic power, if there is such a thing in the world. I am just a fake! But he has taught me a hundred clever tricks; he drilled me in it, he beat me, he starved me, he threatened my very life, until he had me cowed. But even then I would have run away if it had not been for the disgrace at home. My people thought I had made a great match. I could not go home and face them. And so I stuck it out. I made tables rise in the air; made the spirits write messages on clammy slates; I materialized the faces and the forms of the dead, until I feel as if I were living in a cemetery and sleeping in a grave. Oh, the horror of it, and the shame of it, is too deep for words!"

"Aren't you afraid of being arrested?" I found myself asking.

"Remslow can take care of that," she said. "He has paid his graft to the police departments of every large city in the British Islands and on the continent. But he went too far when he brought me back to America. I fought him like a tigress. I swore I would throw myself into the sea. But he knew that I did not have the nerve. He knew he had broken me forever, or he thought he had. And so here I am!"

"And did you think that I could help you?" I inquired, forcing myself to remain detached and aloof, though I longed to take her into my arms and caress her. I found that I loved her now more deeply, more passionately, than I had ever loved her before. But she was Remslow's, and could never be mine.

"You can help me!" she cried. "To-night we are giving our first American seance. Some of the smartest people from Park avenue are going to be there—at the Giltmore. Remslow has been busy all day getting information about the people who are to be there so that he can surprise them at the meeting. There is one little Scotchman with him and a deaf man named Ham, and I am afraid of them all. And, oh, John, I know that something terrible is going to happen!"

"You are hysterical!" I chided. "You are simply upset. What can possibly happen that would be so terrible?"

"Read this!" she gasped, fumbling in her hand-bag. "I found it on my bureau this morning!"

She passed me a folded note of paper, which I opened and read:

"You have prayed very long to be released from your husband. To-night you shall have your wish. In the dark seance he will perish. You will kill him. You think you will not, but you will. You can't help attacking him, because you will be the instrument of a will stronger than your own. When the lights are out and the spirits of the unseen dead hover with silent wings around you, Remslow will die by your hand. I swear it by your strong, brave lover lad."

I crumpled the note contemptuously in my hand.

"This should not alarm you," I protested. "It's the work of some silly crank who wants to annoy you!"

"No! No! No!" she cried excitedly. "It is much more than that. There is something deadly, something sinister, something too strong for me to resist behind it, John. I have proof of that!"

"What proof?" I demanded almost roughly.

"John," she said, speaking with manifest effort, "perhaps it sounds shameless, but I've known all along that you loved me. I knew it that night when we parted; I told you abruptly of my engagement, because I could tell you were about to speak. But what you have never known, John, was, ex-

cept for a few months of mad infatuation with Remslow, I've loved you with all my heart and all my soul. Your image has been constantly in my thoughts. I've made you a god! And always I have thought of you as my strong, brave lover lad. That dear phrase has sung through my mind like a sweet song of old remembrance. But my lips have never spoken those words. No one has ever heard them in all the world except you! And yet that phrase is written in this note. That is what terrifies me, that is what makes me believe it is true, that is why I have come here, John—because I need you!"

"What can I do?" I cried, fighting manfully against the impulse to snatch her madly in my arms.

"I want you to come to that seance to-night. Oh, I know that you've made yourself a recluse, denied yourself to your friends. I know it may seem strange for you to come out as soon as I am back in New York. But we've got to overlook those little things. I've got to know that you are in that room when the lights go out. If you are there I shall not be afraid. Won't you come?"

I took her hand and kissed it.

"I shall come!" I promised.

CHAPTER TWO

THE seance of Madame Lascaire, as Anita was known professionally, was held in one of the gilded little meeting rooms on the tenth floor of the hotel. Chairs had been placed in rows, perhaps a hundred in all, and before the meeting began they were all filled. The walls were concealed by hanging velvet draperies.

The curious part of it was that I had never before seen Remslow.

When I went to the Hotel Giltmore that evening, I did not know whether he was fat or thin, hairy or bald, red-faced or sallow, ugly or handsome.

Yet I knew him the moment my eyes fell upon him.

I arrived early. There were only two or

three guests seated when I came to the door of the private meeting hall where the seance was to be presented. At the door a thin, mouse-like man, with his left hand continually held to his ear, accosted me with a whispered request for my ticket of invitation. About this there was no difficulty; Anita had been foresighted enough to bring one to me, and so I passed in without difficulty. As I entered the well-lighted apartment I saw a man sitting rigid in a chair, facing the rest of the seats, and I knew without asking that he was Remslow.

He was a large man, with a squarish head, crowned with thick tufts of gray hair. His forehead was massive and forbidding, jutting out like a boulder over the deep caverns of his little eyes. The huge shoulders, the thick, powerful arms, the mighty expanse of chest, together with the short legs crossed in front of him, gave him something of the appearance of a human gorilla. I raged inwardly at the very sight of the fellow. To think this was the brute who had tyrannized over Anita!

I sat down quietly and waited. Gradually the seats began to fill up; the hall became crowded with women, perfumed and in exquisite evening gowns, with well-groomed men smiling attentively at their airy whispers. There was a general atmosphere of nervous anticipation. These wealthy, bored society people had come, hoping to be shocked, eager for a sensation.

And all the while Remslow sat there, staring into space like a Hindu mahatma in evening clothing—a white Yogi from the Himalayas, communing with the infinite.

It was well on toward nine o'clock, and Remslow had not changed his position, except once I heard him utter a deep and profound sigh. This pose produced on me a most disagreeable sensation. True, he was acting his part well. There was something terrible in his rigid attitude, as if he were in a trance. But I knew he was a charlatan and a brute, and I wanted to thrash him before them all, without waiting for the seance.

Presently Anita appeared, conducted through the doorway at the rear by the man

with the hand at his ear. From a chattering couple next to me I gathered that this man, Harris by name, was the personal secretary of Remslow and always opened the meetings. I surmised that he did more than that. My personal opinion was that he secured information about the private lives of the customers, and gave it to Remslow, who delivered it dramatically at the proper moment.

But this was only a passing fancy. My eyes were now all for Anita. She was wearing an exquisite gown of black-spangled satin, cut low at the neck, an attire which accentuated her unnatural pallor and the frightened lustre of her eyes. She did not glance at me, though I was sitting conspicuously on the end of the second row, within easy reach of the silent Remslow, if by any foul chance I should be needed.

There was a vacant chair beside Remslow, and it was to this that Harris led Anita. She did not glance at her husband, but sat down quietly, relapsing instantly into a pose almost identical with his. Plainly she, too, was acting the part of one entranced. I shuddered with revulsion at the sight; a fierce determination seized me. By one means or another I meant to part those two who sat so oddly before me. Anita should endure his tyranny no longer. This should be her final seance. I did not know what I was going to do, but I meant surely to do something.

Mr. Harris, his hand still cupped behind his ear, took a position just beside Mr. and Mrs. Remslow, and in a tone that reached barely above the proportions of a whisper, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have only a word of introduction to say for those who are not familiar with the ordinary manifestations of psychic phenomena. Both madame and monsieur are powerful mediums—batteries of psychic force. But madame is the most expressive; monsieur is a stronger reservoir of force. Together they sit before you. Madame, using her own powers and drawing upon those of her husband, will give out messages to you. We ask no questions, but we shall be glad to answer any that you may ask. That is real-

ly all. Are you ready, madame?" and then just at that moment Anita looked at me. Perhaps the light of disapproval was too clear in my eyes. She seemed all of a sudden rebuked and ashamed. For a moment she could not speak. Then she rose, her face glowing with resolve.

"No!" she said. "I will not go on with it. I will not! Let him say or do whatever he pleases. I refuse!"

The startled audience heard her in absolute silence for the fraction of a minute. Then, without warning, the lights in the seance room went suddenly out. We were plunged into a darkness.

A confused and startled murmur came from the crowd, which was not checked until several minutes later by the returning illumination. The lights came on again, but before that a terrible suspicion had flashed through my mind. I remembered the warning words in the note which Anita had received: "When the lights are out and the spirits of the unseen dead hover with silent wings around you, Remslo will die by your hand!"

I could not refrain from leaping from my seat and rushing toward him, when the lights came on. But halfway there I halted in dismay:

Remslo was moving; his body was slouching forward soggily, and even as I watched it pitched down drunkenly and fell in a sprawling hump at my feet.

One glance told me all that I then needed to know.

Remslo was dead; he had died in the dark; the dread threat had been fulfilled.

But by whose hand?

CHAPTER THREE

THERE was no question that Remslo was murdered.

A dagger had been thrust straight through his left side into his heart.

The moment that we turned him over on his back, bared his agonized face, and saw how he was slain, the terrible significance of this struck me like a blow.

The weapon had been plunged in Remslo's heart from the left side. Anita had been sitting at his left. No one else was near to him. Harris had been on the other side; the nearest sitter in the audience was too far away to be seriously suspected.

My mind, racing like lightning, summed up the circumstances like a column of figures, and the total frightened me. As the crowd made way for one bearded man who kept muttering that he was a physician and please let him through, I glanced at Anita. Her eyes were looking into mine, and there was in them a kind of dull and hopeless woe. No triumph was there, but only a great fear.

I knew in that instant that she was utterly and completely innocent. And I knew that she would soon need a friend. The look in my eyes must have been a tender promise that I would be that friend, for her eyes kindled with gratitude and with thanks.

On that instant I determined that come what may, be the circumstantial evidence what it might, Anita should never be sorry that she appealed to me in the hour of her trial.

Naturally there was a great deal of shocked confusion after the first reaction of numbing fright. Women began to get hysterical, and their escorts began to hurry them toward the door. But here they found their progress barred.

The hotel detective had been in the room all the time and was now ready to take charge. He was a tall man, with a black mustache and beady eyes—the typical hired sleuth, I thought, with enormous feet and tiny brains.

"Nobody's going to leave this room!" he shouted. "A murder has been committed in this here place, and nobody's going to leave this room. I don't care who it is who wants to get out. Charlie Murphy couldn't get out of here this minute, not if Tammany Hall was on fire. The police have been notified, and you'll all stay here until the police come. There ain't nobody going to leave this room!"

He stood squarely in the doorway, and nobody thereafter suggested leaving the

room. Instead the crowd divided into small and chattering groups, talking in low tones, while the doctor and some volunteers covered the body of Remslow with an overcoat, until such time as the authorities would give permission to move it.

And all the while Anita sat still in her chair, cowering back, pale, a little disheveled, with eyes glittering and lips trembling. I attempted to approach her, but by an almost imperceptible gesture she bade me not to.

And, too, all the while Harris stood, pale and glowering, where all along he had stood with his left hand cupped to his ear.

The situation was getting so strained that I think every one was relieved by the entrance of three bluecoats, led by Inspector Gale in plain clothes. But the thing that happened after that was a startling surprise.

Inspector Gale gave only a contemptuous glance at the dead body, from which the overcoat was rapidly lifted as he approached. His eyes were fixed accusingly on Anita, and he strode up to her with a menace in every motion of his body.

"So!" he exclaimed. "Your husband has been murdered, eh?"

Anita only looked back at him, like a wounded and frightened fawn.

"I guess you would like us to think it's a mystery," snarled the inspector, edging his rough tone with sarcasm. "They tell me our friend Remslow was struck down by a hand in the dark. No one can fathom the mystery, eh? Well, think hard, woman. Think hard! Know who did it, do you?"

He caught her roughly by the wrist. This was more than I could endure. I sprang forward, saying:

"Look here! You have no right to talk to this lady like this!"

"You go to thunder!" said Gale. "I know what I am doing. You just wait. Your turn is coming. I guess maybe you had a hand in this little deal, all right!"

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"You had a motive, all right," he shot back. "You love this woman and she loves you. And she said this man beat her. And

she said she wished him dead a hundred times. Well? Didn't she?"

CHAPTER FOUR

THE next few hours remain in my mind as perhaps the most terrible in my life; not so much because of the unjust suspicions with which Inspector Gale plainly regarded me personally, but because of the way he treated Anita.

Gale was the kind of officer who gets his evidence by bullying witnesses, suspecting everybody, and ploughing along roughly until some one comes across with a confession. This was the plan of campaign which he proceeded now to put into immediate operation.

There is no denying that he knew how to organize the inquiry on the spot. One of his men was dispatched to telephone for additional assistance from headquarters and for the coroner. Others began taking the names and addresses of every one present, and then sending them, one by one, under guard into another room which the hotel manager had instantly placed at his disposal. I noticed, with some uneasiness, that he paid no attention either to Anita or myself during this procedure; he did not look at either of us, in fact, until we two were left alone with him and the dead body of Remslow.

Then Inspector Gale folded his arms in front of him and glared malignantly.

"How did you two ever expect to get away with a raw thing like this?" he demanded.

"Speaking both for Mrs. Remslow and myself," I replied, "I can say that we resent your implied accusation. If you think either of us are involved in this terrible crime, you are on the wrong track! We may as well come to an understanding about that without any more delay!"

"We will!" he replied heavily. He continued to stare at us, while he fumbled until he had found a cigar, which he lighted.

"We will!" he repeated. "And the way we will come to an understanding is for me

to let you know some of the things I have already found out. As, for instance, that you two are old sweethearts. Didn't think police headquarters would ever know that, did you? Or that Remslow, here, treated his wife worse than he should, I guess. Didn't think a detective would ever find that out—huh? Or that Mrs. Remslow had said, not ten hours ago, that she would be happy if he was dead—what? Or that she came to see you out in Forest Hills this afternoon—what? Well, why don't you deny those accusations? I thought you wanted to come to an understanding about this matter. Why don't you?"

"Some of the statements you are making are true," I admitted, far more shaken than I cared to let him know. "But I do not see that they have any particular bearing on this case."

"Oh, you don't!" mewed Inspector Gale sarcastically. "Well, I do, and I think the grand jury will agree with me. If they don't bring in a double indictment of conspiracy and murder in the first degree, I'll go into the insurance business. Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face. One or two little details need clearing up, and that won't take long. But why not confess and have it over with? The jury will be inclined to be more lenient if you come out with it!"

"I think you ought to go into the insurance business," I said suddenly, "or anything else except the detective business!"

"What!" he ejaculated angrily.

It had occurred to me while he was talking that Inspector Gale was showing himself a very poor investigator. I was a layman. I knew nothing of detective work, except those stories of imaginative fiction in which a romantic, almost super-brained detective solves a mystery that seems too baffling for any one to unravel. But Gale's methods seemed to me to be very irregular. I suspected where he had got the information which made him accuse us. Old man Painter, with whom I boarded, had overheard a part of my interview that afternoon with Anita. Painter had a son who was on the police force. He and I never liked each other especially. No sense of personal loyalty to me would have made him keep

quiet about what he had heard. Probably he had told his son at dinner all the conversation he had overheard, and the son had likely informed some one at headquarters.

It made the situation distinctly unfortunate, of course, but why should Gale stop there? Why should he be focussing his energies on making two people confess, when he might be making an examination which would start suspicion in an entirely different direction?

The real murderer might be getting farther away with every wasted moment!

"I mean," I told him, "that you are basing a case on very flimsy evidence. You have nothing tangible with which to convict us. I tell you we are both innocent. Whether you believe us or not, your professional experiences ought to tell you not to hold up your work until our guilt is definitely established. Have you looked at the dagger with which Remslow was killed? Have you given the body anything more than a most cursory examination? Have you questioned any one else except ourselves? You have not, and that's why I believe you would make a damn fine insurance agent!"

"You 'tend to your business and I'll 'tend to mine," he retorted after a moment. "But since you make the suggestion, I will take a look at that dagger!"

He drew back the overcoat from the still form of Remslow and bent down to examine the wound.

But, after a moment of muttered confusion, he leaped erect and stared at us wildly.

"The dagger is gone!" he gasped.

CHAPTER V

"**G**ONE!" both Anita and I exclaimed. Such a thing seemed incredible. No one, except the physician, had been near the body since the lights flashed on. Who could have taken it?

"Are you sure there ever was a dagger?" I asked Inspector Gale.

He looked at me in a kind of defiant exasperation.

"What are you talking about?" he rasped. "Of course there was a dagger. Didn't you see it?"

"No!" I answered truthfully. "Did you see it, Anita!"

She shook her beautiful head quite dolefully.

"No," she said. "I just couldn't bear to look after that first horrible glance, and then I saw only his face—and the blood!"

"But there must have been a dagger!" fumed Inspector Gale.

"Of course!" I concurred, but inwardly I was not so sure. An idea was stirring around in my brain, which was getting me excited. I knew that Anita's life and my own were actually in jeopardy. Circumstantial evidence was already woven around us, and if Gale could find another coincidence which might tend to add to the case against us, it might go hard. I was determined to do what I could to save Anita. But I did not intend to take Gale into my confidence. I had no confidence in him, in a mysterious affair such as the Remslow murder. I began to believe I might play quietly at the rôle of detective and save Anita before it was too late.

What I swore to myself to do, if it were humanly possible, was to clear up the mystery before any of us left the hotel. I did not want a single whisper of suspicion to be published against the woman I loved.

Therefore I allowed Inspector Gale to bend down to the corpse again and renew his examination of the wound. I felt sure that he would not see the significance of that which I had already seen regarding the vanished weapon.

Moreover, he did not know, and apparently no one had thought to tell him, that the lights had gone out just at the predicted and psychological moment. Whatever old man Painter may have traitorously divulged about the talk Anita and I had had, he did not know, and had no means of knowing, of the note which she had shown me.

That note contained a definite prophecy, and the prophecy was fulfilled. No spirits had written the message. It came from hu-

man hands, and those hands were now stained with blood. I was utterly sure that the writer of that warning message was also the murderer of Remslow.

In my hands then there were clues of which Inspector Gale had no knowledge. Perhaps it would have been wiser, even more honest, if I had come out with them then and made a clean breast of them. But that I could not bring myself to do. I did believe he was acute enough to see their importance or even to accept them as genuine. To tell him about them would only block any of my own efforts. I decided to remain silent.

"There is nothing here," muttered Inspector Gale, rising, a picture of disgust. "I am going to have the two of you searched, and if you have that knife on your persons it won't take long to find it. Well?"

"We haven't got any knife," I assured him impatiently.

"Maybe!" he said. "Meanwhile I'll take a look around this room!"

He threw back the overcoat on the body and then stood off to measure the room with his eyes.

"I'll start here! I guess if that knife is around here, it won't take me long to find it," he muttered, and walked toward the opposite end of the room. As he passed us I looked at Anita with my eyebrows uplifted contemptuously. I thought Gale the most unbusiness-like or the most unprofessional and apparently incompetent bungler of an officer I had ever met.

She seemed about to speak to me, when suddenly a light came into her eyes which frightened me. It seemed as if some impending disaster had suddenly become clear to her. As I opened my mouth to ask her what was the trouble every light in the room suddenly went dark.

"Turn on them lights! Who did that?" yelled Inspector Gale.

He shouted out blasphemous curses, until after a while the lights again came on, mildly and quietly, disclosing a new and horrible state of affairs.

The body of Remslow had been lifted from the floor and was put again in the chair where he was murdered.

Anita had utterly and completely disappeared.

CHAPTER SIX

"WHAT are you trying to pull off here?" shouted Inspector Gale, rushing over to me with balled fists.

If the situation had not been tragic, I should have laughed at him. His face held such a mixture of fight and fear. The Remslow murder was already on his nerves. Things were happening which he could not explain. And he was taking the first opportunity to strike back at this mysterious unknown something by accusing me.

"Don't be an ass!" I exclaimed. "Something terrible must have happened. Where is Mrs. Remslow?"

He glanced wildly about.

"My God!" he gasped. "She's gone!"

"Yes, and she's probably in danger!" I cried bitterly. "While you are loafing around this room trying to fasten the crime on her, the guilty man or woman is playing a game without any hindrance or interference. Have you never thought about searching behind there?"

I pointed to the walls. For the first time, I believe, since he had come into the room Inspector Gale observed the singularity of the draped curtains. Ostensibly these hangings of gray velvet had been hung in front of the walls and their windows for the better preservation of "psychic influence." They completely hid the walls, and now, as Inspector Gale followed my pointing finger and rushed over to look at them, he saw that they were suspended from rods jutting out a full ten inches from the walls, leaving that much of a little curtained corridor between the walls and the curtains.

"Somebody might be hiding back there!" he exclaimed, and put his hand on a fold of velvet, where there was a part in the draperies.

"You stay there!" he ordered, and then a glint of suspicion came into his hard blue eyes.

"How do I know this isn't some new kind

of trick?" he muttered. "Healy, come here!"

These last words he uttered in a shout, and immediately the door at the other end of the room opened and a policeman in uniform, a short, thick-set Irishman, stepped in, closing the door behind him.

"Guard that man, Healy," ordered Gale, pointing to me. "There's some rotten business going on here. Don't let him make a move. I want to see what I can find behind these curtains!"

"Yis, sor," answered Healy dutifully. "I'll blow daylight through him if he makes any cracks!"

"You do just that," concluded Gale, and passed through behind the curtains. "It's dark as night in here," he called, his voice muffled by the velvet hangings. "I suppose there is a switch in here, and that's how they turned the lights on and off so nice. Good God!"

"Need any help, chief?" called Healy as he heard this last exclamation.

"No! But I've found something, all right. I think I see the whole game now. You hold on to that man there; don't let him stir!"

Healy clutched my arm and stuck out his jaw, his eyes glowering at me savagely. Healy was a man who liked to obey orders. I had the fancy that he almost wished I would try to escape. But I was too much keyed up, wondering what had happened to Anita, what Gale had found, and what could be the solution of the mystery, to think of giving battle to a policeman who, after all, was doing nothing more than his duty. We could hear Gale stamping about behind the curtains and see the bulge of his figure as once or twice he backed against the draperies.

Perhaps five minutes had passed. For the last two minutes at least we had heard nothing from Gale. The silence and the figure of the dead man, which had been moved so mysteriously back into the chair, began to make an impression on even the stolid Healy.

"Say, chief," he called finally, "is there anything I can do for you?"

There was no reply.

"Chief," bellowed Healy, "is there anything gone wrong?"

Only silence answered him.

The policeman gave me a push away from him and covered me with an automatic.

"I don't know what is happening in this place," he said, "but I'm of a mind to find out, d'ye hear? Walk over there and pull down them curtains. Pull them all down, and if you make a break I'm goin' to shoot to kill. Get busy!"

He had no need to threaten. I was as eager as he to pull down those shroud-like draperies and see if anything lurked behind them. Was some new and appalling disaster confronting us? I sprang forward quickly and, seizing one of the soft folds of velvet in my hand, tore them to the floor.

Nothing but a wall covered with a mirror was revealed.

Around the room I ran, yanking down those priceless curtains with impatient hands. But they disclosed nothing. Inspector Gale had gone the way of Anita; he had disappeared, totally and completely, and the only clue was an open window that looked out upon a sheer drop of a hundred feet to the sidewalk below!

CHAPTER SEVEN

HEALY was crossing himself and muttering an Ave Maria.

I clapped him suddenly on the shoulder.

"Healy," I said, speaking briskly and clearly, "you are dealing with something here that is outside your line. That dead man in the chair there was a spirit medium!"

"God help us!" gasped Healy.

"His widow, Mrs. Remslow, disappeared from this room not five minutes ago. She just vanished like a shadow. It was to find her that Inspector Gale ventured behind those curtains. You see what happened. He too vanished. What do you make of it, Healy?"

"God help us!" he repeated vaguely.

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"I'll have to—let them know outside," he murmured vacantly.

"And disgrace the inspector?" I asked sharply.

"How's that, sor?"

"Why, don't you see? Inspector Gale, I am sure, is still alive. But some one behind those curtains overpowered him, and now he's a prisoner—somewhere. He'd like it better if we found him and rescued him, without making him ridiculous!"

It was a very weak argument. I do not think it would have worked on any one else. But on Healy it did make the impression I was working for. I knew that if Healy summoned the others from the outer room I would be arrested, and no more opportunity would be given me to try to rescue Anita and solve the mystery. This double problem, first of rescuing the woman I loved and then clearing her name, and indeed my own, was of such monumental consequence that I think I would have strangled Healy into unconsciousness before I would have allowed him to call his fellows and thus make me powerless.

But fortunately my ruse worked.

"He told me to watch you at all costs," he reflected aloud and dubiously. "And yet the inspector is an awful proud man!"

"You can watch me," I argued. "But I believe I am the only man that can solve this whole thing now. Listen to me!"

As rapidly as I could I explained the situation to Healy as I saw it. The whole situation was so peculiar, so out of Healy's daily experiences, that I am not sure to this day how much of it he understood. Yet to me the solution had been near at hand, almost from the moment that Remslow had been found dead. I was certain that the guilty man or woman was in hiding behind the curtains. This gave him easy control of the electric switch and complete temporary concealment.

"Do you know what those curtains were really put up there for?" I asked.

Healy shook his head. He hadn't the faintest idea.

"When these poor dupes came in here to attend this seance," I explained, "they had to check their overcoats and other wraps in

the little cloakroom on the next floor. That was done for a purpose. After they were all seated in here a confederate of Remslow—probably the little Scotchman in his party of whom I have heard, a very small and stealthy man—went through all those overcoats, hats and wraps, getting initials and chance mail left in the pockets and so forth and making memoranda for the use of Remslow. Now, he had some way of getting into this room without being seen. With all that information written down, he sneaked in here behind those curtains, and in the dark he slipped out and passed the memoranda to Remslow. By some trickery of his own Remslow managed to read the memoranda without being noticed, and thus he was able to astonish a great number of people who couldn't imagine how he got all that private information about them. Before I came here to-night I read up in a book exposing spiritism. Do you see?"

Healy nodded his head doubtfully. He was like a man slowly recovering from a profound drunk. I was speaking as rapidly as I dared, because every minute was precious, and yet I had to make my theories clear to this man. Without his cooperation I could do nothing.

"Now," I concluded, "the question is, how did the confederate get into this room without being observed? When we find that we'll find out where he took Anita and where he took the inspector. How could he get in and out without being seen?"

At first it seemed like an unfathomable puzzle. The walls were obviously solid. There was only one door. It was out of the question for Remslow to have prepared trapdoors and secret panels in a rented hotel room.

"There it is!" I suddenly exclaimed, and pointed at the open window.

"How? It can't be!" gasped Healy.

"Come over here!" I cried. "I'll show you!"

CHAPTER EIGHT

I HAD really nothing at all to show Healy except an open window, which he had already seen for himself. But to me

that open window was conclusive. Gale had been near it when we last had heard from him. Moreover, Anita's situation, just before she had disappeared, was within easy access to it.

When we looked out of the window, however, we found only air between us and the pavement of the courtyard!

How, then, had the window been used?

The question was torturing my mind as Healy turned to me, a sneer curling his thick lips. He was about to place me under arrest and call for help, when a slight noise below reached us both. Simultaneously we leaned far out of the window. We were just in time to see a head darting back into the open window immediately below us.

"Did you see that?" I cried excitedly.

"I saw a head!" said Healy without enthusiasm.

"Well, man, that's the point. I believe that Gale and Mrs. Remslow are prisoners in the room below us!"

"And what d'ye believe that for? Ain't the man what's rented the window below us got a right to poke his head out his window if he feels like it?"

"Healy," I said solemnly, "the man whose head we saw is one of the assistants of the dead man there!"

"Aw, can that stuff!" blustered Healy, more than ever determined, I could see, to end his parley with me. "It's dark, and you couldn't see his face, anyhow. How could you tell?"

"The man had his left hand cupped around his ear," I said solemnly.

Healy looked at me in surprise.

"Well, and suppose he did, and what of it?"

"That's a habit with the man I suspect. He's partly deaf, and he keeps his hand to his ear almost all the time," I told him. "He was listening, because we were talking at that open window. Now he's probably taken the alarm. Come on downstairs with me!"

My excitement had subtly communicated itself to the stolid policeman. His eyes took fire from mine.

"It will mean a promotion if you are

there at the finish. And you can take the credit for solving the mystery," I promised him.

"I'll fix it," he decided, and, without another word strode across the room, opened the door and passed through, closing it and locking me in. I was left alone with the dead body of Remslow, the medium.

But I did not tarry long.

In one bound I had darted across the room and seized a coil of rope lying on the table. It was a length of window cording placed there to be used in tying Anita during some of the spirit tests in the seance.

My long outdoor life along the Long Island shores had put me in first-class physical condition, so that I had no fear of the undertaking which had formed itself in my mind. It was an easy task to secure one end of the rope around a steam pipe near the radiator at one end of the room.

I thrust the other end of the rope out of the window and let it fall.

Then I clambered out of the window and let myself down.

CHAPTER NINE

I WAS just in time.

The one thing I had feared and dreaded was almost accomplished while I was in mid-air, dangling between the street and the star-flecked sky.

The gaunt figure of Harris, the man who kept his hand at his ear, appeared at the window again. But this time his hand was not at his ear. His arms were clasped around the limp figure of Anita, corded and bound and tied to a rope.

He was about to lower her out of the window!

As I came swirling down the dangling rope my feet touched the windowsill just as he held out her form from the gloom in his arms. I took him completely by surprise, and before he knew what to expect I kicked him in the face.

He sprawled backward in a heap, and the next instant I had leaped into the room. An extraordinary sight greeted me.

On the bed lay the corded, fettered figure of Inspector Gale. His mouth was stuffed with a gag, but his eyes were rolling furiously, as if entreating me to release him.

Leaving Anita helpless on the floor, Harris leaped to his feet and flung himself upon me with the fury of a madman. Never have I encountered such supernatural strength in any human being. It was as if seven devils of violence were in the man's body, flailing his arms, pounding his fists, and lending a dreadful force and power to every muscle of his lean, strong body.

A thumping and beating at the door came to my ears as I struggled with all my will and might against the furious onslaught of my assailant.

Then a click sounded at the door. Healy had used a skeleton key. He came at the right moment, not a second too soon, and rushing up behind Harris, clipped him neatly on the back of the head with the butt of his automatic.

He fell silent and still, and he remained silent and still long enough for me to release Anita and for Healy to untie and un-gag his fallen chief.

Then, under Gale's merciless direction, we trussed up Harris, not leaving even an arm free to cup his hand around his ear.

CHAPTER TEN

THE most sensational lies and exaggerations appeared in the newspaper account of the affair, but the true facts, thanks to the grateful cooperation of Inspector Gale, never reached the public.

Gale did have the manliness not only to apologize but to admit that I had solved the mystery and captured the murderer. For of course Harris was the murderer.

When I first accused him of being the murderer Gale looked at me blankly and said:

"That is impossible. He was standing to the right of Remslow, and Remslow was killed from the left. And besides, where was the dagger?"

"The method of his killing was very sim-

ple," I replied. "The little Scotchman, whom I have never seen until a few minutes ago"—this conversation took place some hours later, after the excitement had died down—"was an innocent tool. He told me how Harris had hidden him behind the curtains, with instructions to turn off the lights when he gave the signal. Then, with his cat-like tread, Harris slipped around, killed Remslow with one thrust, and returned to his former position before the lights went out!"

"And the weapon?" demanded Gale.

"He hurled it through the air, and it stuck in the velvet curtains, where no one noticed it until I pulled the curtains down," I smiled. "But that was a piece of information I kept to myself until the proper time. You will find it right where I left it!"

"Well, I said if I was wrong I'd go into the insurance business, and it looks like I ought to do something like that," confessed Gale good-naturedly enough. "But what I can't understand is the motive for this crime!"

It was not until Anita was quiet enough to talk that we were able to solve this final tangle in the problem. The true motive was hate—the hate of a madman. There was no doubt that Harris was a lunatic. That was proved to the satisfaction of the district attorney at the trial, and Harris was committed to an insane asylum without further trial. He hated Remslow because he madly believed himself to be a real medium, and resented Remslow using him as a tool and never letting him have an opportunity to exercise what he considered his genuine gifts. How he had learned the secret way in which Anita used to think of me—her "lover lad" which he had used in his note of warning—was never entirely cleared up, although Anita believed that he had heard her crying to herself, and perhaps in her frequent moments of hysterical grief at Remslow's treatment she had uttered the phrase aloud. He was cunning enough to catch its true meaning.

Because she had once spurned his advances he hated her as well and planned to cast the crime on her. When all the other

witnesses were being taken out of the room he managed to slip unobserved behind the curtains. From there it was easy for him to turn off the lights, grab Anita and choke her into unconsciousness and drag her behind the curtains. A rope-ladder was already at the open window, having been placed there under Remslow's direction. It was used for his confederate to come upstairs with the information gathered by going through the wraps of the guests at the seance. He carried her down the ladder, and was returning when he discovered Inspector Gale at the window.

With his maniacal strength he overpowered Gale, knocked him unconscious, and carried him down as well. His madness by this time had reached such a pitch that reason and caution had almost deserted him. But he did tear down the rope-ladder, and thus it was missing when Healy and I came to the window.

Why he did such a singular thing as to replace the corpse of Remslow in the chair he refused to explain.

But his intentions were plain enough. He was going to complete his murderous plans by throwing Anita out of the window. Then he meant to escape. And as none of the police knew that Remslow had rented the room beneath the seance hall, he might easily have got away. Gale was sincere when he said that I got there just in time.

Anita and I were standing together in Gale's private office late that night when Inspector Gale was saying good-night.

"I understand," he said thoughtfully. "I know how much you two love each other. You are going to be happy, after all. I suppose it is indelicate for me even to refer to it, but I wish you well. And I'm sorry I was such a brute!"

He shook hands warmly.

"By the way," he said to me, "what business are *you* in?"

"I have a little income," I explained, "but it is all invested in the same line, so I can truthfully say that if I am in anything at all it's the insurance business!"

He grinned at us as we went out into the night—and into the future that was ours!

The Wolf of Wall Street

DAVID H. LAMAR, the so-called "Wolf of Wall Street," who for the last twenty-five years has managed to keep himself in the public eye, much as he would like to be out of it, is once again a fugitive from justice. This time he has jumped his \$25,000 bail and seeks to avoid serving a year in jail for aiding Capt. Franz von Rintelen of the German navy in fomenting strikes and interfering with munitions shipments during the war.

Reports have been afloat that Lamar has even escaped the jurisdiction of the court by means of a flying-machine, but those who have known him and followed his machinations for years realize as well as he does that there is no place like big New York to hide in.

"I can't believe that Dave has flown away or even gone out of the city," said one of his old companions recently. "He's too clever for that. Why, his brain works about twenty per cent. quicker than any man's I ever knew. I've often told him if he only played aboveboard all the time he'd have been one of the richest men in New York to-day. And it's a fact."

"Not aboveboard" sums up David Lamar in a nutshell. In search for the almighty dollar he has not considered ways or means. His only desire has been to get it.

Back in the days when he was a plunger in Wall Street it was his boast that he sat in an uptown office and "fixed" the market over the telephone. But in the latter part of 1914 he was to learn that even to play with a telephone was dangerous.

In December, 1914, Lamar took up his telephone one afternoon, and without even attempting to alter his bull voice announced to the listeners at the other end of the phone that he was Representative A. Mitchell Palmer. It was a bold attempt to defraud J. P. Morgan & Co. and the United States

Steel Corporation, but it failed. Lamar was arrested in the Waldorf by the Federal authorities, and despite his loud protests was taken to the offices of the Department of Justice, though he was allowed to stop with the agents in charge at a restaurant in Park Row, as he had had nothing to eat.

The agent in charge of Lamar told him that he would pay only fifty cents for Lamar's dinner, but with his usual calm assurance Lamar proceeded to order squabs and what not, till he had eaten about \$5 worth. When the time came to pay the check Lamar had no money, and the agent rightly refused to pay more than fifty cents as agreed.

Lamar stormed and fumed, loudly telling who he was, but the manager and head waiter were obdurate. At length Lamar left his watch as security for the bill, a payment which the manager was loth to accept, but at least Lamar had not cheated him out of \$5 while on his way to jail.

In spite of appeals that went as high as the United States Supreme Court, Lamar was sentenced to two years in Atlanta for impersonating Representative Palmer, and when he was released the world war was raging. Lamar, who had had much time to plan in his cell in Atlanta, saw in intrigues and propaganda a tremendous chance to make a cleanup.

From his beautiful home in Pittsfield, Mass., he directed his operations in New York. Doctor Dumba and Doctor Albert listened to his lurid tales with interest, and even went to Lamar in Pittsfield for advice under the guise of vacationing in the Berkshires.

But somehow the hand of Lamar had lost its cunning, and all the German bazaar money and \$200,000 of Doctor Albert's could not turn the cotton market the way that he wanted it to go. And as a final blow, he

was implicated with Rintelen in fomenting strikes and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, the very term he is now trying to escape.

The close of the war found Lamar still scheming, but not so well fixed financially as he had hoped. Then came the oil boom, with its many wildcat schemes, and the "wolf" plunged in with zest. He became especially interested in Mexican oil companies, and said he had close relations with the Mexican government.

He collected a clique of oil men around him and proceeded to squeeze unsuspecting people from out of town who perhaps had never heard of his reputation.

But let a woman from San Francisco who accidentally fell into his clutches tell her own story:

"When I first arrived in New York from the Coast I did not have many friends in New York and was only too glad when one of my acquaintances introduced me to the president of a well-known oil company here in New York, and he and his charming wife made me feel most at home in their house.

"A short time after I met this oil man an old California girl friend of mine called me up and told me that she and her husband had just arrived from Europe and were going to come up and see me. I was of course delighted and arranged for them to dine with me that evening.

"In the course of conversation her husband remarked that he had a large contract for oil for the British government and asked me if I knew any of the oil men in New York. I immediately thought of the oil president I had lately met and suggested that my friend get in touch with him. But he had a great deal of business to attend to the next day and suggested that he give me the essential points of the deal and let me take it to my oil friend to see what he thought of it.

"Accordingly the next day I went with my paper to the oil president, who gasped at the size of the order. He explained that his company didn't handle that type of oil—the order he said called for Mexican crude—but that he had a friend who could handle it. He called up some number on the

phone, and speaking most familiarly with some one he called 'Dave,' he explained the matter and told me that 'Dave' would call on me the next day.

"The next afternoon about four o'clock a tall well-dressed man with a curving eagle nose and square determined jaw called at my house with his wife and child, and introduced himself as David Lamar.

"He said that he could handle the order all right, but protested against allowing any one else in on the deal. He told me that it was unquestionably the idea of the British to sell the oil to Germany again at a profit, for, he said, he had already heard of the deal.

"The next day he called at my house again and began sending any number of long-distance telephone calls from my home to his influential friends in Washington, as well as cables to prominent men in Germany. He fairly glowed with excitement and the thought of the money we were to make. This kept up for several weeks till my phone bill and cable charges had mounted into the hundreds. For two days I did not see him.

"Then, at 11 o'clock at night, came a ring on my phone. Mr. Lamar pleaded that he must see me at once. I told him it was too late in the evening, but he insisted that it was most important and would not hold over till morning, so I finally consented to his coming.

"He arrived in a great state of excitement, and said that the deal would all fall through unless he had some ready cash at once. I told him that the only money I had had been placed in a savings bank for me by my brother. He almost cried as he told me to save the deal for him. He won out.

"The next day we went to the bank, and Lamar, with many thankful protestations for the saving of the deal, took all my inheritance, about \$30,000.

"That was the last I ever saw of the savings or the deal. Though Mr. Lamar came to see me once again and asked me if I had any more money, for, he said, he could invest it in Mexico and make me a million. But I told him that he'd got all I had. I suppose I was only one of many fools."

BLINKING *the* CODE

by
J.B. Warrenton



"I SEE by this paper that the élite of the underworld are making elaborate preparations the next two weeks," jested Chief Hines of headquarters on Friday late in August. Sergeant Ryder looked up from a letter he was reading and peered at his superior curiously. A few other heads also bobbed up on hearing the chief's somewhat unusual statement.

"Fact," went on the chief, his florid face as stoical as a wooden Indian. But there was a slow dropping of one of his eyelids and the inclination of his hoary head towards a well-knit boyish figure that was seated on a chair near the window amusing himself by playing with the office cat. Knowing looks from the sergeant and the other four detectives present was an intimation that they were "on."

"How is it," asked Sergeant Ryder with seemingly assumed dignity, "that our beautiful city is to be graced with all this unexpected honor?"

"Well, it's this way," explained the chief, the crow's-feet near his eyes growing more profound. "They've been wised up to the news that their Nemesis, a certain young sleuth in this department, is hitting the trail

for the wild and woolly West for two weeks' vacation."

The young man at the window turned and confronted his superior, his handsome face flushing. When he spoke he stammered like a bashful schoolboy.

"Thanks—awfully, chief. I'm the goat."

A general laugh followed all around at the popular detective's embarrassment.

Detective Jack Vose was a new arm to the far-reaching department, having been chosen from amongst the uniformed men of the city. No animosity was felt towards the young patrolman on his appointment, as he was beloved by the rank and file when he "pounded the pavements."

He was a stalwart young giant in his late twenties, born in the West. His first position in the East was as messenger boy for the Postal Telegraph Company. From that he was promoted to "pounding the key." Then, when he attained the required age, the glory of the police department appealed to him, and in a short time he was duly appointed. From the beginning he made good. His methods were not arrogant or sneaky; they were keen and just. Even the crooks dubbed him a good "flatty" and a bad "actor" to mix it with.

"Orders," proclaimed the chief briskly.

Every man arose, stepped quickly to his desk and stood at attention.

The police head unfolded a circular that had been delivered with the morning mail, and spread it out on his desk before them.

"Take a peep at that before you fellows start out for the day."

The poster was a lithographic profile and front facial view of two men, with the following inscription:

"WANTED FOR BANK ROBBERY

"Simon Drisky, alias 'Soup,' and Patrick Murry, alias 'Can,' wanted by the police of San Francisco for holding up and robbing the Coast National Bank. Both men are well known to the police of Europe, and it is thought that they are just beginning operations in the States. They are desperate characters and ready with their revolvers if trapped.

"They would easily pass for traveling gentlemen.

"Drisky is five feet and eleven inches in height, his weight would be about one hundred and sixty pounds. A small scar on his jaw beneath his left ear is the only distinctive mark on his body. He is thirty years old.

"Murry is an Englishman, and has a slight Cockney accent. He is slightly over six feet in height; his weight is about two hundred pounds. He is thirty-five years old and good-looking. His hair has sprinklings of gray about the temples, and he has a habit of puckering his mouth when not talking.

"\$2,000 will be paid for their apprehension.

(Signed)

"DAVID POWELL,
"Chief of Police."

"Those birds are perhaps headed East," said Chief Hines. "So now that you've got an eye full of their description and all the fixings, look sharp. Any of you chaps could use that bunch of kale nicely. And you, Vose," Hines interposed, looking approvingly at the young detective, "even though you're going on your vacation, remember that you are an officer of the law

when the occasion arises. And I also believe that you are joining the order of benedicts this fall. Then, while on your visit to the lucky lady, if by chance you should run foul of those hold-up birds, put some of that sand of yours on their tails. You can use the money. That's all, boys."

True enough, Detective Vose was planning his wedding in November. The girl of his dreams was Mazie Slade, who lived in Oakhurst, a small town in Montana. That was the "wild and woolly" West that he would be headed for the next afternoon if fate decreed it. She was not a sweetheart of his childhood or youth. Two years before, while he was spending a day off at Coney Island, he snatched her from a watery grave. She was then on a visit to an aunt in New York. It was a case of love at first sight, but owing to fated circumstances their marriage had been postponed. She lived with her widowed mother, who was a cripple. An accident had caused the infirmity of the worthy woman, who before that was cashier in Oakhurst's only bank—the Traders Trust Co. Mazie, who was a bookkeeper, succeeded her mother, and the care of their little home was burdened on her frail shoulders. A renowned specialist, who was on a visit to his brother in the town, diagnosed the case as curable. An operation would be necessary, and the expense would be large. Their scant savings had dwindled away, and that was out of the question. Mrs. Slade, becoming reconciled to her affliction, and not wishing to keep the lovers apart any longer, urged her daughter to delay her wedding no longer. So in the fall Detective Vose would go West again and return with his bride and her mother.

Mazie Slade was at the railroad station Monday afternoon when the train from the East ground to a stop. Detective Vose, his boyish face wreathed in smiles, swung to the platform and clasped the waiting girl in his arms. Their greeting over, his arm tenderly encircling her waist, they started to walk to her home.

"Just a second, Jack," she said abruptly as she halted and then led him back into

the tiny station. When within the familiar ticking of a telegraph key was perceivable.

"What's wrong, Mazie?" he asked as she opened the door of the enclosure where the Morse invention was calling.

"Oh, nothing, Jack. I never told you in my letters, but I'm the station agent of this growing town and have been learning telegraphy. It adds a little more money to my wages at the bank, and you know, dear, that I am in hope that soon I will be able to have mother well again."

"Brave little girl," he said tenderly. "You know that was my former occupation, and for the short time that you'll be obliged to do this I can help you."

"Thank you, dear. Now you be still and hear me send."

She patted his strong hand that was resting on her shoulder, then turned to her task.

"We'll go now," she announced as she closed the key and arose. "What do you think of my sending?"

"Fine, Mazie. You're a wonder."

They both laughed as they strode slowly towards her mother's vine-covered cottage.

Mazie Slade was in the cashier's cage when the Traders Trust Co. opened its doors at nine o'clock the next morning. The usual routine of the small-town bank business was in evidence without and within the grilling enclosure. Like all small banking institutions in those sleepy little hamlets that lay nestled in the foothills of the vast fertile West, it was not equipped with the modern appliances of the up-to-date city bank. At the rear of the room beyond the bronze grating was the vault. Although strongly embedded in concrete and steel netting, the heavy door was of the old-time variety—inner bolts and small dial combination. No time clock was affixed to it, and the only burglar alarm that the bank could brag of was connected to the windows on the back. Sheepmen, cowmen and merchants were its chief depositors. Large accounts were placed in the banks at Helena. No apprehension was ever felt for its safety, as a hold-up in Oakhurst was ancient history. Including Mazie Slade, the office

force consisted of the president, Case Hixon; the teller, David Irwin, and Janet Howe, the bookkeeper. A chore man was also on the payroll. His duties were to keep the place clean and act as a watchman. He was an ex-cowpuncher by the name of Tim Wall.

Mazie Slade glanced up from her work at the clock on the wall and started as she noted the hour was eleven fifty-five. In five more minutes her co-workers would be leaving for lunch and she would be alone. President Hixon had left town that morning on business, and Teller Irwin was in charge. She smiled anticipatively as the bell in the church tower across the road boomed out the strokes of noon. Jack was coming to call on her after the others had gone and wait for her until she was relieved from duty at one o'clock. She had asked the consent of Mr. Irwin to be absent that afternoon, as she and Jack were going on a little outing to talk over their plans for the future.

She greeted the others as they left the bank, and then took her place at the teller's window. Her dexterous fingers were running through a small bundle of new currency that was left to pay out any small withdrawing during the noon hour—the vault was always closed and locked at twelve and not opened again until one o'clock—when she heard the door of the bank open. She looked up quickly, her face beaming with smiles, expecting to see Jack Vose coming to greet her. Her smile faded slowly as she saw that it was not her detective sweetheart, but two strangers. She was all attention as they sauntered up to the grating.

"Good-morning, if it isn't too late," affably greeted the taller one of the pair. His smile revealed a set of even teeth that gleamed from his mouth like polished ivory. "I would like to see Mr. Hixon. Is he in?"

His smile was more in evidence than ever, and he puckered his lips as he waited for her answer. His companion, who was a swarthy-faced individual and shorter than the debonair one, was gazing around and looking at nothing in particular.

"Mr. Hixon is out of town," Mazie told

him. "Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"Well, I can't just say. That depends on how rigid the rules of this worthy institution is. You see, I have a check with me that involves a large amount, and as we are in Oakhurst looking over some sheep range, we cannot close the deal for a few days; therefore, we will be obliged to remain in your beautiful town. We are strangers here, and as I have had the pleasure of meeting President Hixon at a bankers' banquet in Helena, I was in hopes that he would honor my check."

"Well, Mr.—eh—" began Mazie.

"Thomson—Edward Thomson," he introductively assisted, "and this is Mr. Roscrane." He pointed to the smaller one, who inclined his head slightly.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Thomson," she said, "but Mr. Hixon will not be back before to-morrow afternoon. I have only a small amount of cash here, as Mr. Irwin, the teller, always puts most of the money away in the vault at noon when he goes to lunch. By the way, do you know Mr. Irwin? He will return at one o'clock, and he might be able to help you out."

She glanced at the clock on the wall. It was now twenty minutes after twelve.

Mr. Thomson shook his head, then looked carelessly towards the door.

"No," he replied to her inquiry, "I don't know him. Then there's no one but yourself here at present that I can see in regard to this matter?"

He brought forth a handsome gold watch from his pocket and seemingly studied its enamel dial for a passing moment. Replacing the watch, he then took from his inner coat pocket a slip of paper.

"You wouldn't mind looking at this, would you? Just a whim of mine," he smiled. He shoved the paper under the bronze grill work.

What Mazie Slade saw caused her to start involuntarily. She was looking at a *blank sheet of paper*! She raised her head quickly with a question on her lips. But it froze there. She found herself looking into the frowning bore of a Colt forty-five! Behind the menacing weapon of destruction, a

satanic sneer on his comely face, was "Mr. Thomson."

"Keep your pretty hands on the counter, little girl," he purred, "and you will not be harmed. To reach for the sky would be too conspicuous. Some rube passing by might get hep. Over!" he commanded crisply to his partner. "Time's short. Get busy on that tin can. I'll hold this dame, so over with you and open the gate!"

With the agility of a monkey the other pseudo range buyer clambered over the bronze partition and dropped lightly beside her.

"That's right," said the man behind the gun when the unwelcome intruder unlocked the gate to admit him. "Now keep her covered until I join her; then you get busy."

When inside he drew a chair close to where the dumfounded girl was standing, her face twitching and ashen-white. Mazie was no coward—far from it. But she was a woman, and only human. She was raised in a country where cowards do not flourish. These men were going to rob the bank, and they were experts at their craft.

"You," the tall one ordered as he seated himself in the chair beside her—he had placed his chair where he could command a view of the front and the rear of the bank—"attend to business the same as usual. Act natural and don't make a false move, or I'll have the painful duty of killing you. This gun will be always on the line with your heart. If you should take a chance and warn some one, I'll get you before I check out. And you, Drisky, pull that Japanese screen in front of that safe and tackle it with your tools. You'll have to use soup, as there's no juice to hitch your torch to. You ought to blow it in twenty minutes; it's only a shell."

Mazie had partly regained her composure, but the furtive action of her eyes was beyond control. "Where was Jack?" she thought. Then she grew cold all over. She clutched the polished counter weakly as she swayed. What would be the termination of it if Jack came and discovered her plight. He was a detective and had a record for his keenness. She didn't care for her own safety, but the thoughts of anything befalling

her Jack—God! There he was now coming up the steps! She moaned and would have fallen but for a voice that hissed up at her and the pressure of the steel barrel at her side animating her to the realization that she must be cool.

"Steady, you hussy," sibilated the man in the chair. "There's some one coming, and remember what I told you. You just casually mention that I'm a bank examiner and that I'm waiting for the boss. Get me?"

Detective Vose pushed his lithe form through the swinging doors of the Traders Trust Co. and hurried across the tiled floor to the teller's window.

"Hello, honey," he greeted as he pressed his boyish face against the bronze grillwork. "I'm a little late, dear, but—oh, I beg your pardon, Mazie; I thought you were alone." His eyes had lit on the man beside her.

"Hello, Jack! Ah, yes—no, I'm not busy. You see this gentleman is—the bank examiner." She laughed hysterically. Her face was snow-white.

Alarmed at her conduct, Jack's eyes strayed again to the man on the chair. His eyes narrowed as if in thought. Something vaguely familiar about his profile as he sat sidewise on the chair aroused the detective instinct. As he watched him through slitted eyes he started. He knew him now! The man on the chair was constantly *puckering up his mouth*. All the time Mazie Slade was muttering incoherently. But didn't Mazie say he was a bank examiner? And where was his pal? Then he listened intently as a soft strident sound assailed his hearing. His hand crept gingerly around to his back pocket as he turned his eyes to the girl again. His hand stayed in its course, for from the expression on her face he saw that something was vitally amiss.

"Well, I'll come in again," the detective found himself saying as he looked into her pallid face. His mute gaze was searching for some explanation of the cause of her agitation. What tomfoolery was that? What was she blinking her eyes like an owl for? He was on the point of laughing at the ludicrousness of it all. But something in her lucid, frightened eyes as she blinked froze the smile. God! How dense he had

been! He knew now! She was sending out a Morse code message with her eyelids!

Tingling inwardly with rage and apprehension and positive that some unseen danger was menacing the girl he loved, he raised his eyebrows to denote that he was conscious of her appeal. His suspicion was verified by the light of alleviation that gleamed from her eyes. Then she blinked:

"Bank robbers. One sitting here holding gun at my side. Other behind screen drilling the vault. Do hurry, dear, but be careful. Desperate men."

That was the message he read; then her eyelids ceased moving.

"I will call for you to-night, Mazie; I have something to say to you." He told her aloud for the benefit of the listener.

She made a pretence of coyness as she looked him in the eye. He was sending a reply!

"*Courage, little girl; I will get them.*"

She smiled wanly when his eyes stopped blinking.

"Good-by," he said concisely, lifting his hat. Then with a side glance at the bank robber, he turned on his heel and walked slowly out of the bank.

"Who was that guy?" asked the man on the chair. "He looks like a city dick. That guy's no rube, an' you tried hard enough to pass him the high-sign, didn't you? I was watching you, and it takes more than a skirt to put one over on Can Murry. When you meet that guy to-night you tell him that he was a dumbbell not to get wise to you. Why, you were scared stiff." He looked up at the clock and uttered a curse. "Ain't you got the soup in yet, Drisky? Hurry up for ——— sake; it's quarter of one."

Mazie made no reply to the robber's questions. She feverishly fingered the bills beneath her hand and waited expectantly, for she knew not what. A tranquil feeling was slowly supplanting her fear.

When Detective Vose reached the sidewalk after leaving the bank he aroused some consternation by hurling aside a group of natives who were gossiping in his path and rushing madly down the street. He halted breathlessly in front of the town hall and

sprang up the steps three at a time. Pausing at the door of an office marked "Sheriff," he rushed into the room. Sheriff Peters looked up from his desk and glared at the intruder. In less time than it takes to write it, Detective Vose explained all to the leathery old officer, also disclosing his identity and producing his credentials.

"Glad t' know ye, Mr. Vose," said the sheriff, shaking his hand after he had buckled on his cartridge belt, on which hung two serviceable-looking revolvers in holsters.

Vose was appraising Peters before he spoke.

"You know, sheriff, that there's a bit of money as a reward for capturing those birds. Don't you agree with me that Mazie Slade will be entitled to it if we get them?"

"Well, son," said Peters in a hard tone, "I reckon that any hombre that disputes it will have t' talk it over with ol' Steve Peters. Mazie Slade an' her mother is mighty pop'lar in this town. Wait'll I get my sons, an' we'll be hittin' th' trail."

Two stalwart giants responded to his call. After the introduction and hurried details they went to a gun-rack and took from it two shotguns.

A short detour was taken by the small posse, so as not to attract attention and possibly alarm the would-be bank looters. The greatest care and stratagem would have to be used, as one false move might result in the death of the girl at the bank.

When they reached the rear of the building, at Detective Vose's order, the sheriff's two sons were detailed to take positions on each corner at the front.

"Keep your guns out of sight, boys," instructed Vose as he and Peters hurried around and entered an alley between the bank building and the general store of the town.

"There's a trapdoor that opens in th' floor upstairs," whispered the sheriff. "There's a ladder runnin' up t' it, an' if Tim Wall, th' critter that cleans up 'round th' bank, didn't shoot th' bolt on it afore he went t' eat, we're in luck." He was knocking the padlock off the bulkhead door while he was

talking. Raising it up gingerly, he beckoned the detective to come.

Down in the dank-smelling cellar, with the aid of a few matches, they found the ladder. A light step was heard and then silence. Warily, Detective Vose, in the lead, his revolver gripped firmly in his hand, noiselessly mounted the narrow steps. At the top he paused and pushed the trapdoor with his hand. It yielded to his pressure. It was unbolted!

"Thank God," murmured Vose fervently.

Then lifting it up a few inches, he peered through the aperture. Fortunately for his plans, the hinged cover that led to the cellar was out of the line of vision from the front of the bank. An L turn at the rear, where several clothes lockers were built against the wall, hid it from view. But from the detective's point of vantage he could see the vault and the man before it.

The safe-breaker was now gathering together all the rugs and chair cushions obtainable without exposing himself, dexterously altering the position of the screen to cover him from the front as he worked. The detective's handsome face hardened into grim lines as he noted the crook's movements. He knew that he must work fast to prevent destruction of the safe. The man before it had planted the nitroglycerine and was now preparing to blow it!

Gingerly the detective raised the wooden cover until there was room enough to pass his body through. Gesturing to the sheriff, who was close at his heels, to hold up the cover, he wiggled his way out on the floor and lay prone. Preoccupied as he was in his nefarious work and harassed by the curses of the bigger crook, who was guarding the girl, the yegg failed to notice the detective crawling snake-like towards him. He feverishly heaped up the rugs and cushions for a pad that the vault door would land on when the explosion came. Then he felt the cold barrel of a revolver sinking into his neck and a steady voice hissing:

"Don't make a sound, you dirty rat! Steady, don't move. If you as much as whimper I'll blow your head apart."

With deft fingers Detective Vose noise-

lessly snapped the handcuffs on his prisoner and then relieved him of his weapons.

"Now, listen, you," Vose was whispering with deadly earnestness into the culprit's ear. "It's just five minutes to one. You've got just one second to live if you don't do as I order you to do. Call out to that pal of yours and tell him that something has gone wrong; that you want him to come and bring the girl along so as to play safe. Quick, now! Repeat what I said, or, d—n you, I'll send you to the grave, where you belong!"

The fear of death makes craven cowards of men of his type, and he was no exception. He nodded his head in submission.

"Hey, Murry," called out the cowed yegg in a low, husky voice, "come on 'round here; somethin' wrong. Hurry," he added as he felt the detective's revolver sink deeper into his neck, "an' bring th' skirt along with ya so's she won't crab the game."

A string of profanity followed the scraping of a chair on the floor, then a voice said:

"I guess, miss, we'll take a look at the books in the vault. March! Move lively, you hussy; it's near one, o'clock."

Hurriedly stuffing a handkerchief into his prisoner's mouth and tightly tying another one around it, Vose forced the safe-breaker down on the floor and covered him over with a couple of the rugs he had gathered together. The footsteps had now paused at the end of the screen as the detective crouched down before the vault door, his head bowed, overtly at work. From the tail of his eye he saw Mazie Slade loom up in

the opening, the big crook bringing up behind, his revolver pressed into her back.

"What the devil is the matter!" he snarled angrily, pushing the girl along and glaring down at the humped-up figure. "Blast you, you've spoiled the whole——"

The form before the vault bounced up and hurled himself between the girl and the crook, and before he could raise a hand or pull the trigger of his revolver the detective's gun crashed down on his head. The surprised yegg dropped to the floor like a log. The clock in the church tower across the road struck one as Detective Vose whirled and caught the fainting girl in his arms.

When Mazie Slade slowly revived she was lying on the janitor's cot in the rear of the bank. Detective Vose was seated at her side and brushing back her hair with a soft, cooling hand. The office force was standing by respectfully and looking down on them with admiration.

"Well, honey, dear, how are you feeling?" asked her sweetheart as she opened her eyes. "You sure are one little brave girl, I'm telling you. Gee, but I'm proud of you!"

She smiled up into his dancing eyes as she gave his hand a gentle squeeze.

"You sure are one brave big detective," she mimicked, "I'm telling you. Gosh, but I'm proud of you! And, Jack, dear, ain't the Lord good to me? Think of it. Won't it be grand to see *our* mother well and walking about again."

"*Our* mother is right, dear," he said as he gently kissed her.

LOSES \$1,000 TRYING TO OBTAIN JOB

THEODORE F. WINCH of 390 Grand street, New York, lost \$1,000 the other afternoon in his zeal to procure work. He was on Fourteenth street near University Place when a stranger approached and learned he was idle.

"Come with me," said the stranger. "I'll get you a job that will pay \$3,000 a year."

Winch went with him to a house on Fifth street, where another man was introduced. Winch was just the man for the job, he was told, but he would have to furnish a \$1,000 bond. Winch said he drew \$1,000 from a bank and gave it to the men in front of 5 Beekman street. They departed, saying they would return. When they failed to do so Winch notified the police.

A Tomb Worth Millions

THE tomb of Pharaoh Tutankhamen opened by explorers in the Valley of the Kings near Luxor is by far the richest treasure-trove ever uncovered in the necropolis of ancient Thebes, and in all likelihood is the richest that ever will be discovered, Ambrose Lansing, acting curator of the Egyptian section of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, declared.

Tombs of practically all the early rulers of Egypt have been accounted for, most of them thoroughly looted by native grave robbers, said Mr. Lansing, who has spent much time with Metropolitan expeditions delving in the old burial places.

"There are only two or three royal tombs left to look for," he said, "and they are those of lesser kings; for instance, those of Semenkhare, who reigned for a few months before Tutankhamen, and Ay, who reigned for an equally short time after Tutankhamen's death.

"All the others have been opened, a few by archeologists, but the most by vandals who left nothing of importance behind them."

Royal furniture, garments, chariots, ornaments, works of art of rare beauty and exquisite workmanship, already have been found in unprecedented quantities in the outer chamber of Tutankhamen's tomb. The funerary equipment, much of it heavily incrustated with gold and semi-precious stones, is valued in the millions.

But treasures of greater value in the eyes of the Egyptologists—bits of historical data of the era antedating Christ by thirteen and a half centuries—are hoped for when the hieroglyphic inscriptions within the tomb itself have been translated.

One of the most fascinating theories the records in the tomb may confirm or explode is that advanced by Arthur E. P. B. Weigall, former Inspector General of Antiqui-

ties to the Egyptian Government and one of the best-known Egyptologists, that Tutankhamen was the Pharaoh who oppressed the children of Israel, and whose army pursuing the Israelites at the time of the exodus is declared in biblical accounts to have been swallowed up in the Red Sea.

Tutankhamen, previously discovered records show, took the name "Tutankhaton" when he first acceded to the throne, thus indicating his sympathy with the so-called "heretical" monotheistic worship of Aton, the "all-loving father of all creation," which had been introduced into Egypt under his predecessor, Akhnaton.

In the midst of his eight-year reign, however, he changed his name to Tutankhamen, indicating a return to the polytheistic Ammon worship of his ancestors.

Mr. Weigall's theory is that the Aton worship was in reality the Jehovah worship initiated in Egypt by Moses, and that when Tutankhamen returned to the worship of Ammon he began the oppression of the Israelites, including the enforced brick-making without straw, which resulted in the exodus.

A comparison of the biblical record with records giving the Egyptian side of the story long has been awaited by critical students of the Bible, with keen interest.

Mr. Lansing exhibited a series of photographs of the Valley of Kings, one showing the exact location of Tutankhamen's tomb. Tucked away in a sandstone cliff, it is but a stone's throw from the looted tomb of Menepthah, previously believed by Egyptologists to have been the "Pharaoh of the Exodus."

The tomb of Rameses VI. is immediately above it, and somewhat higher up the side of the cliff and a little to the left is the tomb of Amenhotep, opened by the French explorer Loret, twenty years ago.

The Valley of the Kings is a desolate wasteland almost wholly made up of limestone, burned brown by ages of blazing suns, and is utterly devoid of vegetation. The roads and pathways made by Egyptologists show chalky white.

The valley is about five miles from the Nile, across the river from the site of ancient Thebes. It was selected for a burial place because of its remote location, which the royal Egyptians of the seventeenth and eighteenth dynasties hoped would save them from desecration by tomb robbers.

Their hopes were vain, however, for ghouls found the spot and looted almost all of the tombs. During the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb it was discovered that vandals had looted it at least once, and many of the more valuable funerary articles, made of gold, were carried off.

Search for Tutankhamen's tomb, which it had been agreed by Egyptologists was the last important royal burial place in the Valley of the Kings, was begun seven years ago by Howard Carter, British Egyptologist, who was financed by Lord Carnarvon.

Starting at the mouth of the barren, desolate valley, Mr. Carter began the slow and uninspiring work of removing every bit of fallen limestones and debris from the narrow valley.

Month after month he worked hard with his little crew of natives, utterly unrewarded. More than once Lord Carnarvon was on the point of abandoning the expedition, but Mr. Carter induced him to keep on.

"The last time I was in Egypt, in 1920," said Mr. Lansing, "Carter asked me to have luncheon with him and Lord Carnarvon. He told me beforehand that one of the principal purposes was to have me help convince Lord Carnarvon it was worth while to continue the work.

"In the midst of the luncheon Carter brought the subject up, and I chimed in with an enthusiastic declaration that I thought the work was well worth while. I am gratified to know that I didn't help induce Lord Carnarvon to continue on a wild-goose chase. He certainly has been rewarded for his patience."

OUT AGAIN, IN AGAIN

JULES WATERBURY, known in England and America as "Doc," and the possessor of a long and varied criminal record for swindling, stood recently suave, pleasant-faced and, of course, immaculately costumed, just outside the gate of Sing Sing prison. He had served the last day of his last sentence and as far as he knew he was as free as the air about him.

Thus he stood for a few minutes in contemplative mood. Possibly he was a bit sorry that he was leaving Sing Sing, his home for an extended period on more than one occasion. But more plausible it is that he was thinking of the beloved Broadway and Forty-second street that was his rendezvous in the old days when his confidence games were not so old. He was wondering, too, perhaps, whether his old pals would now call him Jules Ford or J. Howard Ford

or some of the other many aliases under which the police know him.

But "Doc's" reflections were quickly interrupted—all too soon—for just as he was about to head for Broadway up stepped a representative of the District Attorney's office in Manhattan. He told "Doc" to "come along," reminding him of an old offense he said "Doc" had committed before he was sent to Sing Sing three years ago for mistreating a girl.

To-day "Doc" is again resting in the Tombs and he probably finds the place "not half so bad," as he told his fellow prisoners when he returned to Sing Sing last.

"Doc" has always asserted that he has two personalities, one of which is perfectly honest.

He is a college graduate, is 51 years old and was born in Ithaca.



EASY DOUGH

by *James W. Egan*

AS a taxi whirled up before the café Morgan Keene pitched his cigarette into the street. He hastened forward to greet the young woman preparing to alight from the machine.

Extremely pretty seemed the girl with her cheeks of creamy pink, guileless blue eyes and the fluffs of blond hair which escaped from under her small hat. She was modestly gowned, and an air of unworldliness unusual among patrons of the Summersea Café marked her.

"You're late," said Keene, after he had paid the taxi driver and was guiding her toward the entrance of the garishly illuminated resort.

"I know I am, Morgan," came the response in a tone less sweet than one might have expected. "Had to dodge a date and——"

She broke off abruptly as a shabby young man in patched khaki and wearing a faded olive drab shirt passed them by, his head hanging. The creamy cheeks of the woman lost color.

Not until she was within the café did she speak, however, and then she whispered fiercely in Morgan Keene's ear:

"Do you know who that fellow is?"

"What man?" Rather irritably Keene put the query as he piloted the way to a se-

cluded corner table far from the ardent orchestra and its equally ardent admirers.

"That shabby man we saw outside. At least I saw him. It makes three times in a week I've noticed him."

"You don't think, Dimple, that——" Keene paused, his eyes hard.

"I don't know, Morg. He worries me. He reminds me of some one. Somewhere or other I've known him, and I'm sure the memory isn't a pleasant one. But I can't recall the time or place. A week ago, when we came into Los Angeles, I'm sure I saw him at the Southern Pacific station. Then one afternoon as I was driven in from the Consulate, he passed me and eyed me hard, I thought. I wonder if it can be some fellow we——" The young woman paused.

"You're not yourself, my dear," soothed her companion. "I'm afraid you have been letting your imagination get away from you. He's some ex-soldier out of work, that's all. You run into them in all parts of the city. Forget him, and turn your mind to more pressing business, Dimple. What have you done at the Consulate? My bank-roll is almost null and void from paying your fare at that high-priced joint."

"I leave there to-morrow, Morg. Going over to the Aldershot, which is more in our line. I think I have a victim."

"I hope so, after all this expense! You mean the round-faced young fellow who wears horn-rimmed cheaters? I've piped you riding with him once or twice. He looks familiar. What's his name?"

"Mark Sparling. He's from Illinois. A frightful boob, but a boob with money. We ought to make him for a fat bunch of lettuce without much difficulty." Lighting a cigarette, the unworldly appearing young woman smiled in a manner surprisingly hard.

"Of course he's got it, my dear?"

"Would I be wasting my time and talent on such a dumbbell if he didn't have it, Morg? He's just a young idiot. He's ready to eat out of my hands now."

"What's the racket in his case?" inquired Keene, pursing his lips.

"The usual game will do. Only you must be my brother instead of the dearly beloved husband. I can't have a hubby in this, so it's up to you to do the brother rôle, Morg."

"Why this brother act?"

"Well, here's my sad, sad story: I'm an ambitious girl from a pretty good family in the Middle West. I've run away to Los Angeles to go into pictures if I can make the grade. Old stuff, but plausible, dear."

"Naturally my folks don't know where I am, but I'm afraid my hot-headed brother will learn the truth and follow me out here. He's a terribly dangerous individual, this brother, and so jealous of me and the family name he might kill any one who dared—you get it, Morg?"

The pretty blue eyes beamed with innocence as she delivered this odd speech.

"Yes, yes; go ahead, sister mine," grinned the man.

"I've used up nearly all of my slender resources, and I have to leave the Consulate on that account. Of course, being from a good family and ignorant of life, I had to pick out a place like that to stay at first. I'm trying so hard to land in pictures, but they don't seem to want me. Tears and slow music. Mr. Sparling is full of sympathy and the desire to help, and thinks it terrible I must suffer. Oh, I got him all excited over me!"

"Good enough, Dimple. The sooner we can smear him the better. Just heard from Benny Gluck in old Chi, and he has a swell racket on. Needs us in it. If we knock over this cokie we can jump a rattler and desert this place in a hurry. Maybe it's time we shook sunny Cal for a while, at that. You're sure you've worked up this brother stuff until it's the mustard?"

"He knows I'm scared to death of my brother Harry. We'll put it over on this Sparling as easy as I buy a new hat. I tell you he's easy dough."

"Mark the easy mark, huh? Then—here's the waiter; soft pedal!" Keene changed tone. For the next few moments the pair were busy giving an order.

A delightful duo were Morgan Keene and his lovely wife. Nowhere in the country could be found a couple more conscienceless blackmailers and "badger game" experts; they plied their crooked, cowardly trade wherever they were able to pick a victim.

The charms of the youthful Dimple had intrigued thousands of dollars out of unsuspecting men. Her unworldly air, her candid blue eyes, her pretty little guileless affectations—all masked a hard, mercenary heart. Yet these things served her and Morgan Keene well in their rascally game.

"Has this Sparling a business in Los Angeles? I've seen his face somewhere, I know," pursued Keene, when they again had a chance to resume their conversation.

"No, he idles around, living on a big income. I saw him on the street the other day with a dark, short man. He told me it was his lawyer—the man that handles the family estate and so forth. Business doesn't bother Mr. Mark much. He's quite a boob, as I told you."

"We may talk to that lawyer quietly some day and take a slice out of that income. Have brother blow in pretty sudden, Dimple. We might as well crowd along. Meanwhile I'm going to Bradstreet Mark Sparling a bit. I'm curious enough to want a line on him. I've known his face more than a week. Perhaps he was in San Francisco when we were there."

"I don't remember him," expressed his

wife. "I'm as anxious for action as you, Morg. I want to be out of Los Angeles. I've a hunch he was in a mix-up some place—and that I was in it, too."

"Forget it, Dimple, forget it! You're getting nerves!" scowled her partner.

The following morning the pretty young woman known to Morgan Keene as "Dimple," but at the Consulate as "Mary Hawthorne," checked out of the big hostelry and had her things sent to the less expensive Aldershot in the downtown district. Aiding her in her moving trials was the round-faced wearer of horn rims, Mr. Mark Sparling.

"You must let me come to see you often, Miss Hawthorne," he pleaded. "I—I am interested in you—your progress. I hope you get in the—the pictures, and that—"

"You have been so very kind and so nice, Mr. Sparling," beamed "Mary Hawthorne." "I will be glad to see you any time. Oh, I do hope I get settled before my brother finds out I'm in Los Angeles! He would just about kill me! He thinks picture players are immoral, and he's so hot-headed, anyway!"

"Your brother does appear to be—to be a touchy person," expressed he of the horn rims dubiously.

"Oh, Harry is! Unreasonably so! His temper is just awful!" Pretty pink lips quivered tremulously, and Mark Sparling seemed to have to make a determined effort to keep a grip on himself.

Later in the day Dimple had found a room to her liking at the Aldershot, and lost no time in telephoning to Morgan Keene.

Several days passed. Each afternoon Mark Sparling called. He sent flowers and candy, and took the young woman for automobile rides.

Then to Dimple came word over the wire from Morgan Keene.

"The orange should be ripe," she heard. "Meet me at the Summersea Café again, and we'll arrange for the picking."

When Dimple joined her rascally husband for an early evening dinner she found an exultant smile playing around the man's thin lips.

"What makes you so good-humored, Morg?" she questioned. "If you knew how I had to dodge Sparling! Told him I had an engagement with a prominent director or I'd never escaped."

"I feel good-humored," Keene rejoined, adding a trifle mysteriously: "I've learned a thing or two. And I guess we'd better nick your moon-faced boy for some jack. I'm craving to start for dear old Chi and Benny Gluck's new racket, Dimple."

"You have learned something interesting about Mr. Sparling?" probed the swindler's married partner.

"I'm not positive yet, but I think I'll have a sweet little jolt up my sleeve for Mark, the easy mark," smiled Keene. "I won't tell you now, my dear. It'll be a surprise. I love surprise parties."

"If I didn't know you pretty well I might think you were crossing me up, Morg," she uttered somewhat sharply. "But you know better. Go ahead and have your fun. I'm ready for the finale any minute."

"Good! Your dangerous brother Harry is in town, my dear. He itches for gore, too. I'm glad you're at the Aldershot. Stuff can be pulled there easier than at some hotels in this town, and we are going to have to be a bit crude and rough in this perhaps. Now for the final dire details."

Two heads went together, and the pair plotted the drama designed to add nothing to the ultimate happiness or welfare of one Mark Sparling.

As they separated for the evening Keene remarked:

"By the way, you haven't seen any more ex-service men who make you nervous, have you, my dear?"

"Not since last time," Dimple admitted. "Yet that fellow worried me. I wonder who he is? I'll be glad when we're gone. I get nervous when I try to rack my brain over the past and his part in it—if he played a part."

"Piffle!" snorted the male swindler. "Keep your nerves under control, Dimple. You never used to get this way."

Early the following afternoon a young man wearing horn-rimmed glasses approached the desk clerk at the Aldershot

and inquired if he could see Miss Hawthorne.

"Mr. Sparling? I believe you'll find Miss Hawthorne waiting for you in the waiting-room on the mezzanine floor. She said to send you right up," he was informed.

"Thank you very much," said Mark Sparling. He blew his nose rather nervously before ascending to the prettily furnished waiting-room.

An agitated young woman, shredding a tiny handkerchief between her hands, awaited him.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came at once, Mark!" she cried. "Something awful has happened, and I——"

She reeled, and Sparling was forced to steady her. Several persons in the room looked up.

"You are ill, Miss Hawthorne!" exclaimed the young man.

"I—I guess I can't stay here and tell you, after all. I'm so upset!" She drooped. "Please—please take me to my room."

"Of—of course," stammered Sparling. Again he blew his nose nervously before he guided the girl to the elevator.

Trying to pay no heed to the curious glances of the elevator boy and other passengers, Sparling steadied his companion on the ride to the seventh floor and led her carefully down a carpeted corridor to her room.

"Perhaps I'd better go for a physician," he suggested at the door.

She clutched frantically at his arm.

"No! No!" she entreated. "You must not leave me now, Mark! I have something to tell you. If you'll fix up some powders I have inside for me it'll strengthen me so I can talk, I think."

Appearing confused and dubious, Mark Sparling ushered "Mary Hawthorne" inside her room. Once within, the young woman showed a sudden flash of strength. She shoved the door shut and locked it. Then she dropped into an armchair.

"Why did you do that?" demanded the young man.

"You'll understand in a moment. The powders! On the dresser!" she gasped. Dimple Keene knew her business.

Sparling drew some water and prepared the powders he found in a nervous fashion. The resultant mixture seemed to revive his companion greatly.

With a glance at the locked door the young man cleared his throat.

"I'm afraid, Miss Hawthorne," he began diffidently, "that——"

"The door, you mean? Leave it locked!" Dimple fairly hissed. "Mary, my brother Harry has arrived in town!"

"Your—your brother?" Mark Sparling's already palpable uneasiness increased.

"Yes. He's found out about you and me, and——"

"About you and me! But——"

"I was so afraid this would happen!" the pretty plotter rushed on. "He's just gone mad, Mark! He traced me here and learned of our friendship, and he seems to think—oh, he said he would kill you!"

"My Lord, what have I done?" Sparling cried, much agitated.

"I tried to talk to him, to argue with him. He said I was lying to shield you, and accused me of the most dreadful things. He swore he'd run you to earth if it was the last deed he ever did. I was so frightened when he left me I sent word for you to come here at once. I wanted to warn you. Oh, the mad fool! You must keep away from him; hide somewhere. The things he thinks!"

"Hide! As if there was any reason for me to hide! Mary, this—this is awful!" Sparling sagged, seemingly a much scared young man. "I must not be found here with you. Suppose your brother——"

Quick footsteps sounded without. They halted in front of the door. The doorknob was shaken violently.

"Open! Open, if you know what's good for you!"

The young woman sprang to Mark Sparling's side, shivering.

"My God! It's my brother!" she moaned.

"Will you open, Mary?" came from outside in a tone grim with menace. "I know that hellhound is with you. Tell him if he doesn't——"

Mark Sparling seemed to regain a bit of control.

"Unlock the door, Mary," he said. "This is all a mistake, and your brother must realize it."

Tremblingly the young woman went to the door, released the safety catch, and admitted Morgan Keene. The latter's face was contorted with emotion, and one hand rested ominously on something in his coat pocket.

The lovely Dimple rushed to Sparling and threw her arms tightly about his neck.

"Oh, Mark! Mark!" she sobbed realistically.

"Well, well! How charming!" observed Keene, with a sort of ferocious pleasantry. He closed the door behind him and snapped the catch. "Now, you low, degraded—" His voice began to burn.

"Mr. Hawthorne," interrupted Sparling in a nervous, stuttering manner, "I'm—I'm sure you—you must be laboring under some misapprehension. You are all wrong in this affair. Your sister and myself are friends, but beyond that—"

"Enough! Squirm a little, you cheap hound!" Keene's tone seemed to ring with hate. "The facts don't lie. I was wise the minute I heard about you. And when I find you behind locked doors with— You scurvy scoundrel! Under a misapprehension! Well, you may have brought disgrace upon a foolish girl, but you won't live to brag of it!"

The blackmailer half-pulled a pistol from his pocket.

"You have no right to say anything like that!" Sparling snapped with a show of spirit. "Mary herself will quickly tell you—"

"Leave her out of this room from now on!" Keene thundered. He was an excellent actor at times. "The poor girl has trusted you and has tried to shield you right along. But it's hard to fool me. I know your kind. Just because you have a lot of money don't think you will get away with your little game on this occasion!"

"Harry!" protested Dimple, still hanging to Sparling. "Oh, Harry, please!"

"You'll stick up for him, you little fool!"

Keene's voice was bitter. "He's deceived you right along. He never meant to be square or aboveboard. Otherwise he would have told you his real name, wouldn't you, Mr. Sparling?"

"Real name? Harry, I don't understand you!"

As she uttered the words Dimple wondered what her husband had uncovered. She was aware the query had startled the young man with horn-rimmed glasses.

"My name is Sparling," he uttered, not convincingly.

"Oh, no, it isn't!" snapped Morgan Keene. "I don't wonder you hid your real name from my unfortunate sister. Didn't want to drag such a distinguished family crest through the mud, huh? Take a good look at your gallant friend, Mary! Mr. Mark Sparling—alias Woodburn Vannoys, Jr.! Woody Vannoys, the son of the third richest man in America!"

"Woodburn Vannoys?" The astonishment in Dimple's tone was as great as it was genuine.

"Exactly. Deny it if you can or dare!" Keene asserted.

"I won't deny it: I am Woodburn Vannoys, Jr.," admitted the young man dully. "How you learned it I don't know, but that—that is my real name. Still—"

"You better be that way," advised the triumphant blackmailer. "I've read the papers for years, my dear Woody, and I've a marvelous memory. You see, Mary!"

"Oh, Mark—Woodburn! Why didn't you tell me the truth? I know you'll never marry me now!"

"He'll do what's right, no matter how much money his father has!" Keene vowed.

"Marry you?" Vannoys, Jr., seemed dazed. "Mary, what do you mean by that?"

"I guess you know what she means!" sneered the male crook. "You're going to pay in full for what you've done. My sister's name and reputation is everything. I demand restitution."

"You want money, I suppose?" slowly expressed the victim.

"Do you imagine your dirty money—" Keene started with fine fervor, when Woodburn Vannoys, Jr., halted him.

"Oh, drop the pretense! Both of you! I realize what's happened to me. You've set a trap and I walked into it. You are just a pair of blackmailers, and you figure that owing to my name and position I don't dare refuse to meet your demands. Isn't that it?"

"Why, you——" and then Morgan Keene got a good look at Woodburn Vannoys, Jr. "Well, I guess you see what's ahead of you. Not entirely a sap, are you? But you're hooked plenty, my friend. Considering the circumstances, innocent or otherwise, sister and I can make it pretty tough for you. You'll have to come across, Woody."

"What if I refuse to give any money to you crooks?" the young man suddenly demanded.

"Go ahead and refuse if you think the Vannoys family can afford it," grinned Keene. "You know what has taken place—and how it can be made to look. Mary could tell a story——"

"I'm sure you don't want me to tell it, Woodburn, dear," Dimple said with an air of sweet innocence. "Imagine you being son of the third richest man in the country! I think you were playing a game with me, and I thought you were a boob. You will assume names!"

"Well, what are your terms?" The young man seemed ready to surrender. All defiance had departed from his tone.

"These affairs come high," Keene mused, "especially to men like you, Mr. Vannoys. I think we are being most merciful in agreeing to let you out for—say, ten thousand in cash?"

"Ten thousand! Good heavens!" Woodburn Vannoys, Jr., blew his nose loudly and excitedly. "Why, I can no more give you——"

A sharp rap resounded on the locked door of the room. All three started.

"Who is there?" Keene asked fiercely.

"Open the door at once! We are police officers!" came the chilling return.

"Police! Dimple, who the devil——" Morgan Keene's face grayed.

"Buck up!" hissed the woman. "Open for them! Vannoys has to stick by us. He

don't dare squeal, and they haven't anything on us unless he does. We can bluff through!"

Reluctantly Keene shoved back the catch.

Four men were in the hallway. Two of them entered the second the door was opened, the other pair remaining on guard without.

One of the two entrants was a short, dark man. Dimple recalled him as the man she knew as Mark Sparling's lawyer. He had brilliant, searching eyes, this man.

Also did Dimple recognize the second man, and she paled at sight of him. He was the shabby individual who looked like an ex-soldier, who had unnerved her three times within a week. He unnerved her now.

"Not a move out of you birds if you want to keep your good health," curtly warned this shabby person. He was gazing directly at the Keenes, and in one hand he displayed a police badge.

"Everything is ready for the climax, Woody," casually stated the dark little man. "We got your signals O.K. from the lobby on, and we heard the whole mess in the next room. Miller here did a nice job with his dictagraphs."

Something in the dark man's offhand manner struck cold fear to Morgan Keene's crooked heart, but he stirred himself to say:

"What's the meaning of this invasion? We three——"

"I wouldn't talk too much," advised the little man. "This is the last act of a sordid crook drama, Mr. Blackmail Artist. You two persons are caught with the goods. A nice long rest is coming up to reward you for your distinguished services."

"So?" sneered Dimple, scared, but fighting hard for her nerve. "How about it, Mr. Woodburn Vannoys, Jr.? Do we drag you down with us? They seem to have listened in on us, but if you press charges the whole pleasant story comes out, you know."

To her dismay Woodburn Vannoys, Jr., laughed. The dark little man joined in the merriment, and the suspicion of a grin flitted over the features of the shabbily dressed Miller. The dark little man spoke.

"The whole story is coming out, all

right," he averred. "No doubt of that. Perhaps I'd better fully introduce Mr. Miller and myself. Mr. Miller is a very valuable member of the Los Angeles detective force. I happen to be Oliver Bach, managing editor of the Los Angeles *Inquirer*. Moreover, I have the honor of being the present employer of Woodburn Vannoys, Jr.!"

"Employer?" Morgan Keene had a dizzy appearance.

"Exactly." Bach grinned unfeelingly. "Two weeks ago the son of the third richest man in America was prevailed upon to become an *Inquirer* reporter. It was a mighty big stunt for our paper, and we have been waiting to announce it with the right kind of a splash. And I think now we can.

"Ever since either of you have known Woodburn Vannoys, Jr., in Los Angeles, he has been on our payroll and acting under orders."

"Under orders?" mumbled Keene.

"That's it. As the result of a tip from our friend Miller, we learned a couple of very disreputable badger game artists were in the city, and it gave us a hunch for Woody's opening assignment. We decided to cooperate with Miller. So Woodburn Vannoys went forth as Mark Sparling, all set to get the story.

"Oh, we got you, all right. Every day Woody has written the story of his adventures and turned it in. I've been holding them until the final curtain fell. Tomorrow the news of his being on our staff goes out to the world. His first assignment will be divulged. And day by day his adventures will run until we wind up with the bagging of the blackmailers. You might have compromised Woody as the son of a rich man, though I believe we listened in on too much of it for that. But as an *Inquirer*, obeying orders, why, you're licked to a frazzle. You are a laughing-stock!"

"They must have taken me for a prize dumbbell," ruefully commented young Vannoys. "They were very crude and not at all clever in this mess. How this fellow really dug up my true name gets me, but he fortunately failed to find out my real status."

"I saw your picture in an Eastern paper a couple of years ago, and I've got a fair memory," growled Keene. "I thought you had assumed another name, because—well, I never figured you to be a reporter! Dimple, we have been framed!"

"My memory is good, too, and I should have trusted to it. I knew this fellow meant trouble and grief." Dimple glowered at Miller. "You know me, don't you?"

"I'll say I know you." Miller's teeth set. "In Seattle, before the war, one very near and dear to me suffered an irreparable loss through your deviltry. I vowed to get even some day. And after I served in the army I joined the police force here. As an officer I frequently go about in my ex-service outfit. It averts suspicion. I made you the minute you arrived in town, and it didn't take me long to figure your game. I got ready pronto and tipped off my friend Bach. We arranged the whole scheme, and it worked. You never had a chance to get away, anyhow. And I'm mighty tickled to land you. Not only does Vannoys get his story, but two mighty bad actors are lodged where they belong."

"I'm not sorry it's over," uttered the son of the third richest American. "I have been a bit fed up a couple of times. Both of you are absolutely cold-blooded!"

"You'll have your pictures in the paper and everything," said the loquacious managing editor of the *Inquirer*. "It'll be a lesson to a lot of crooks in this village."

"And that being that," expressed Miller, "I think I'll transfer you two into a hotel where there ain't no bills to pay. Come on!"

On the melancholy journey out of the Aldershot Dimple was murmuring indistinctly to herself. But not so low that Morgan Keene, her downcast husband and partner in evil, couldn't catch the gist of her words. And what he heard added nothing to his peace of mind.

"You said you loved surprise parties, did you?" was issuing from between the pretty pink lips. "I ought to have given you a better one by skipping out of town the minutes I saw that dick, you—you—"

And then the patrol wagon came.

The Men Who Wear the Blue Uniform

By H. MILLS

THE policeman on patrol is far more heavily burdened with peremptory duties and responsibilities than the average citizen has any notion. Among other things he must familiarize himself with the buildings on his post and their occupants; he must watch for violations of the corporation ordinances, which are numerous, and refer not alone to the preservation of the rights and privileges of the property owners, but to the safety and convenience of the pedestrians as well. He must preserve order, protect juveniles, watch for criminals or the criminally inclined, anticipate and prevent crime, in so far as he may be able; above all things, he must exercise good judgment and common sense, avoid making unnecessary arrests, and encumbering the court calendars with cases that are partly civil in character or should not be brought into any court. Excitable persons, and especially foreigners who are imperfectly acquainted with local customs, frequently insist upon the arrest of some one who has offended them, without considering the other side of the question at all.

The "cop" is often called upon to be both judge and jury in such instances, and by temporizing and the exercise of a little diplomacy brings the complainant back to earth and a realization of the facts, which are probably all against him. If patrolmen did not follow this course, but permitted themselves to be governed by impulse and the rash statements of angry and excited individuals, the courts would speedily be congested beyond help with nonsensical cases.

Patrolmen are also called upon to employ sound judgment in handling demented persons found upon the streets and with those

reported as missing. In accidental cases, involving the injury of one or more persons, patrolmen besides providing prompt succor for the hurt, if it is required, must be careful to avoid entangling themselves or the municipality they serve in civil actions.

Practically every incident furnishes something new in the way of police duty or in human nature, and that the policing of a city is done in as efficient manner as it is can be attributed in considerable measure to the special training the modern policeman receives and to a splendid sense of balance and proportion which can seldom be duplicated and never excelled in any similar class of public servant.

Many of the citizens of a city seem unable to understand that the scope and authority of the police department is prescribed by statute. Its prime duties are to preserve law and order and to protect life and property. Members of the uniformed force of any community cannot become parties to any private controversy or contentions which are purely civil in character.

A police department is designed for the purpose of enforcing the laws; the courts have the prerogative of interpreting them and deciding the respective merits of the claims made by the participants in disagreements. No one has the authority to amend or alter that course of procedure; every citizen and resident must abide by it, policemen included. If this was more generally understood the police would have much time and trouble saved, as would the people at large.

It is of course one of the cardinal duties of the police department to anticipate and prevent, in as far as possible, the commission of all forms of crime, burglary included, but merchants, business men and the

average citizen should not on that account neglect the commonest preventive measures and precaution themselves, but on the contrary should assist the police in every reasonable way. The logic of this must be easily apparent to any thinking individual, because the more careless the citizens are about protecting themselves the more they encourage the criminal element and make difficult the work of the police. The ease with which many burglaries are committed is significant of a reckless disregard of the most elementary safeguards on the part of the citizens, and indicates an attitude much to be depreciated.

The police department (New York and the leading cities) consists of a commissioner who is directly responsible for the conduct of the department. The commissioner has usually two or three assistants, who work directly with him in the management of the force. The man in direct charge of the uniformed body is the chief of police in New York—the chief inspector. From the chief, next in authority, are the inspectors, under whom the precinct captains work.

The precinct is the base of operations for a certain locality, and really is the whole works of the police department in a miniature way. The patrolman is assigned to a post, usually four or five blocks, when stationed in a congested area. The officer at regular intervals calls the station from his call box. In this way the station-house knows when a man on patrol has met with foul play or has met with an accident. The patrolman also is informed from the station in this way of new crime happenings, and is posted to be on the watch for a stolen automobile, an escaped convict or any other criminal.

The man who comes in contact with the patrolmen, more than any other member of the police family, is the sergeant. The sergeant covers the whole precinct area or a certain section of it, according to the area covered by certain precincts in the different cities. In New York the sergeant's patrol is motorized, and the patrolman on post is visited at unexpected intervals while patrolling his post. The sergeant, driven in an

auto, can cover territory greatly in excess of what one can do who has to patrol the precinct posts on foot, and can more efficiently carry on his task. The motor patrol has two advantages:

First. The policeman, not knowing when to expect the arrival of the sergeant's car on his post, is surely to be more alert and vigilant, and the temptation to loaf is eliminated. Patrolmen know that a sergeant patrolling on foot will be busy inspecting adjacent posts and will not be back until a certain time.

Second. It provides the precinct with a sort of motor patrol always on the move within its confines, which greatly reduces the chances of hold-ups and robberies being committed, as the thought of the possibility of a police auto passing will make a criminal think twice before he tackles a stick-up job.

The lieutenants in most department routines take care of the executive work behind the precinct desk. He is the man who receives calls for help and sends the reserves or policemen on post to a scene of some occurrence. In New York a lieutenant is rarely seen on active patrol duty, except on a special occasion when a lieutenant and a squad of men are assigned to do some particular work. In some cities lieutenants inspect the posts of the patrolmen, especially at night, forming thus a sort of patrol bureau which covers the whole city or police precinct in which this system prevails. This method also has its advantages, as it forms a special patrol that greatly reduces the chances of any store robberies being pulled off, as the lieutenant, usually accompanied by another ranking officer, observes carefully the territory traveled. The patrolman on post usually walks with the inspecting staff until the end of his post. This provides a force of three men, and when a fight or other occurrence takes place three police officers are available, and can easily control any minor disturbance before it develops into large proportions.

In most cities the precincts are divided into districts that in police terms are called "inspection districts." There are usually three or more precincts in an inspection dis-

trict, and in New York the number of precincts to a district is correspondingly larger than in a city of smaller size. A captain is the superior officer of the station-house, and is held responsible for the enforcement of the police regulations and conditions in his precinct.

The inspector in charge of a district is the supervising officer of the area he covers. He has headquarters in one of the precincts in his district, and his staff operates from it. The inspector takes charge of murder investigations and other major criminal depredations occurring in his district. He conducts raids and assigns the precinct detectives and detectives attached to his own staff to work that needs attention after receiving complaints from citizens within the district or from police headquarters. The inspector reports regularly to his superiors in the department about the work his command is engaged in carrying on. Below is printed a customary report of a police inspector in charge of a metropolitan district:

From Commanding Officer, Third Inspection District.

To Chief Inspector.

Subject—Gambling and Vice.

Newspaper articles allege, among other things, that several gambling houses are reported to be still in operation. It is obvious that if this were true these newspapers would make it their business to find out where the gambling houses are located and publish their specific locations in large type under a blazing headline on the front page of their newspapers. The very fact that they use the term "Reported" shows their allegation is without foundation.

There are absolutely no gambling houses in operation in the third inspection district.

All complaints are immediately investigated and proper action taken.

In the confines of this district is a distinctive cosmopolitan population. It is natural that handbook men try to operate in the many public places and on the sidewalks of the district. Every effort has been made to eradicate this element.

There are no organized crap games in

this district, but whenever the so-called floating crap games which operate spasmodically in different sections of the city are located in this district arrests are promptly made.

There are many licensed dance halls in the third inspection district, and not only are they regularly visited by members of my staff, but receive special attention from the different headquarters' staffs. If the law is transgressed in any of these places, prompt action will be taken.

(Signed) JEROME MURPHY, *Inspector*.

Here's an example of how the police system works out:

A boy, running practically out of breath, reached the corner of a lower East Side street crossing.

"Oh, help me, please, somebody! My drunken father is killing my mother. Oh, please, mister, stop him," he added as a passerby stopped to find out the reason for his apparent excitable condition.

A group soon gathered, but the boy's pleadings amounted to naught. No move was made to even question where his house was. A loud yelling was heard in the centre of the block, followed by three revolver shots and the breaking of glass as the bullets went through an upper floor window.

"Oh, God! he's killed her already!" the boy shouted and fell into a dead faint.

Then a citizen rushed into a public telephone booth.

"Hello! Hello! Police headquarters."

"Headquarters talking."

"Well, there is a shooting down here at Mulberry and Grand streets; you had better send some men."

"All right."

The operator at headquarters in a few seconds' time was talking to the desk officer of the Clark street precinct, which covers the section in which the reported shooting occurred. The desk lieutenant took the message, looked over a chart, and moved to the switchboard.

"That's on Donlon's post; I'll flash him and Rogers on the adjacent post. Sergeant Durken, send the reserves to Mulberry and

Grand streets. There's a reported shooting from headquarters."

The police signal post at Kenmare and Suffolk streets started flashing a red glare, and the bell started clanging. It kept flashing and ringing until a policeman who was a block away opened the door of the signal box and put the receiver to his ear.

"Hello!"

"Shooting at Mulberry and Grand streets. Rogers; Donlon didn't answer his box; guess he is at scene; hurry there."

The block was soon aroused, and an excited crowd gathered near the entrance of a tenement, anxious to learn the cause of the disturbance. A man rushed out, revolver in hand, and looked at the excited crowd.

"I killed the damn fool, and will kill any one else who argues with me. Look out! Get out of the way."

He started to move, but a man in the crowd, a fellow tenant living on the floor below, made a grab for him.

"Listen here! Don't go on like that, Joel; the police will soon be here, and you'll get in a peck of trouble."

A crowd formed around the two, soon engulfing them entirely as additional people joined the throng. A maddened look appeared in the man's eyes, and with a sudden move he pressed the revolver to his adviser's stomach and fired. The crowd scattered, and at this moment a policeman turned the corner.

The patrolman, seeing a man running down the street with a smoking revolver, started after him. The officer drew his own revolver, and kept after the fleeing one until a few doors away from the corner, when the man stopped, took a hasty but deliberate aim at the policeman, and fired. The patrolman stopped short in his path, dropped his revolver, and sank to the street, mortally wounded.

Patrolman Rogers turned the corner of the far side of the street in time to witness the scene and see his brother officer drop. He ran across the street and made a grab for the crazed murderer, who attempted to level his smoking gun at him. Rogers with a swing of his night-stick hit the wrist

holding the pistol heavily, and the gun flew in the air, dropping on the sidewalk. The officer then grappled with the man, and the two soon became engaged in a desperate tussle. The crowd now formed a circle around the two men and shouted words of encouragement and advice to the officer, but the voices could not be heard above the noise of the crowd, the entire neighborhood now being in an uproar.

A police patrol arrived at the corner, and the driver continually kept his siren going as he started to drive direct through the crowd. The sergeant sitting beside the driver sized up the situation at a glance, jumped off the patrol, and ran into a corner store, where he began phoning.

"Hello! Headquarters?"

"Headquarters talking."

"Sergeant Holmes speaking, fourth precinct. Whole section at Mulberry and Grand streets in uproar; couldn't control and restore order with my four reserve men. Send help from adjacent precincts."

The operator at police headquarters plugged the connections to the station houses that covered territory surrounding the fourth precinct district.

"Dispatch reserve men immediately to Mulberry and Grand streets. Disorder out of control of the men on the scene. Flash men on post to commandeer vehicles to get there quick."

The patrol auto plowed its way slowly through the human throng, but before it could reach the opening where the murderer and officer were fighting it had to stop. The four policemen jumped out and began battling their way through the mass, and the people really resisted their progress, as the spectacle they were witnessing was interesting and not an everyday occurrence.

At last a policeman reached the inner edge of the throng and ran to his brother officer's assistance. A blow from his night-stick on the head of the culprit put an end to the affray. Supporting his comrade, who was all but exhausted from his experience, the policeman was joined by another, who eventually succeeded in getting through. A pair of handcuffs was slipped on the wrists

of the man who was knocked out, lest he recover quickly and put up another battle. The crowd couldn't be moved, and the sergeant and his two remaining men had all they could do to reach the space where the patrolman who was shot was lying on the sidewalk near the curbing.

An automobile from headquarters arrived at the corner of a street two blocks away from the scene. An inspector hopped out, followed by several detectives. He was just in time to witness the arrival of two policemen on the running board of a taxi, while down the street a police patrol was coming full speed. Another auto arrived, dropping two more officers, a street car reached the corner, and three more arrived. At this moment from Broadway another patrol auto rounded the corner. The inspector stepped to the street crossing, and the two patrol autos slowed as they neared

him. The officers, who arrived by commandeered conveyances, surrounded him.

"All together now, boys; load into the patrols. You from the sixth drive down and load out at the back of the crowd. Charge them strong. Come on, fifth, we'll take them in front. The seventh, eighth and tenth will be here soon."

Within a period of ten minutes the street which had witnessed the murders of a woman, man, and patrolman by a drink-crazed maniac was cleared. Ambulances arrived and order was restored. Detectives questioned people who witnessed the events, and as a patrolman walked the beat that night which his departed brother officer had covered for six years he muttered to himself:

"Gee! What a difference from five o'clock. It is so quiet now one would think everybody had left town."

ATHLETIC POLICEMAN SUBDUES POWERFUL ANTAGONIST

PATROLMAN JOHN I. DUKES of the Parkville Station in Brooklyn, N. Y., was on duty on East Nineteenth street, near Albemarle road, Flatbush, shortly after dark the other evening, when he noticed a negro emerging furtively from one of the yards in the neighborhood. What attracted the policeman's attention was the fact that the negro's clothing was covered with dirt, which he was trying to brush off.

Dukes followed along Beverly road to a point near Ocean avenue, where he caught up with the negro and started to question him. The negro said that he had been calling on friends in the vicinity and had been taking a short-cut through the yard. While Dukes was still trying to make up his mind as to the truth of the explanation the negro suddenly whipped out a revolver.

Dukes, who is an athlete and is regarded as one of the strongest men on the force, promptly knocked the weapon to the ground. Before he could seize the man, however, the negro pulled a second revolver and pointed it at Dukes. Dukes then

grabbed the negro's wrists, and made a rapid search of his pockets. In one of the vest pockets he found a third revolver. All three were fully loaded.

The policeman had drawn his own weapon, and the negro, wrenching away suddenly, seized it. Then followed a struggle which lasted for several minutes. The negro was young and powerfully built, and he gave Dukes a fight, but the policeman was finally the victor. A crowd gathered in time to see the policeman overpower his assailant and drag him away a prisoner.

At the Parkville Station the negro said he was John C. Murphy, 27, of 248 1-2 West Fortieth street, Manhattan. A search of his pockets disclosed several articles of jewelry, including some brooches. After persistent questioning the negro finally admitted that he had stolen them from the home of Louis E. Adams, at 1718 Cortelyou street. Mr. Adams later identified some of the jewelry.

Murphy was held on charges of burglary, felonious assault and violating the Sullivan law.



KINDERGARTEN STUFF

by Gilbert Hammond

CHAPTER ONE

THE police department was becoming worried. Another of those individuals with whom the police are occasionally afflicted, who give themselves fearful titles and leave taunting notes behind them at the scenes of their crimes, had recently appeared. They are exasperating to the police because they cause unnecessary publicity, and as long as they are at large call attention to the futility of the department.

Captain West read the report of his latest activity with a wearily harassed expression. After finishing it he fingered a small visiting card and regarded it with grim amusement. He rubbed his chin in speculation for several moments, then rang the buzzer at his desk with a resolved air. One of his detectives, a self-possessed and cocksure young man, answered the summons. He was a recent addition to the staff and owed his position to a relative active in the city's administration. Much to the captain's surprise he had turned out to be a hard and willing worker with an exceptionally keen mind. Though short on experience, he was long on natural capacity.

"I'm going to give you a chance at something big, Slawson," the captain explained, gazing intently at the man before him. "Young fellows like you don't often get a chance at things like this with so little experience, but I'm inclined to have confidence in you. I'm giving you a chance to nail this bird who calls himself The Eighth Wonder."

"Gosh! That'll be great," Jim Slawson replied enthusiastically. "What's his latest? Where do I start? When——"

"Wait a minute," the captain interrupted, pointing at him with a rolled-up sheet of paper on which was typed a memoranda concerning the crime. "It's just possible you might need advice from a man who's been hunting criminals for forty years."

"Be glad to hear it; go ahead."

"Now, in the first place, don't get it into your skull that this criminal must necessarily be a man of so-called culture and education. Criminals who blatantly advertise themselves think they can keep consistently rubbing it into the police. Nobody but a fool would have that idea; in fact, this particular form of vanity is associated with weak-mindedness."

"Meaning I'm hunting an idiot?" This was a dampening thought to Slawson.

"Maybe," the captain replied briefly. "Now we've had experience with these self-titled crooks before. None of them were half so clever as they thought they were. Many of them are up in Sing Sing-on-the-Hudson now. Nine-tenths of them turned out to be ordinary cheap crooks with the geniality of a longshoreman. Just remember that."

Taking the memoranda from the hand of the captain, Slawson promised to bear in mind the advice to which he had listened. After which he left headquarters for the scene of The Eighth Wonder's latest burglary. This versatile gentleman, whose previous venture had been the looting of an art gallery, with what profit nobody could imagine, had now apparently turned his attention to society and robbed a safe containing the jewels of a number of overnight guests in a large Fifth avenue mansion, making off also with some sacred and private family jewels from the safe of an office within the house.

Slawson went over the ground in a thoroughly business-like manner, but he betrayed his inexperience by talking a little too much to the reporters. With the result that the representative of a newspaper hostile to the present city administration quoted Slawson the next day to the effect that the crime was kindergarten stuff and he'd have his man within a couple of weeks." This may not have been an accurate quotation, but Slawson had undeniably given that impression.

When a certain individual reading the accounts of the burglary with the greatest interest came to that paragraph in the *Morning Star*, he indulged in loud laughter.

CHAPTER TWO

ON the ground floor of a tenement on Bleeker street near the Bowery, in a room overlooking a back yard filled with soggy paper, tin cans and garbage, five men sat around a table holding a conclave. Four of these were furtive-eyed and disreputable-

appearing, though not badly dressed; three had the tough countenances of the gangster, but the fifth was a sleek, nattily dressed, well-groomed gentleman, with shiny hair parted in the middle. His voice was level and well-bred, his smile pleasant and his eye hard. He was counting out some bills from a fat roll he had just removed from his inside pocket. He accompanied this procedure with some cheerful, audible mathematical computation.

"Half of eighteen thousand dollars is nine thousand, which is my share." He placed the number of bills amounting to that sum back in his pocket. "The other nine thousand, divided three ways, comes to three thousand apiece. There you are, gents."

The three before whom the bills were placed picked them up in silence and looked at one another uneasily, each hoping the other would speak up and express certain sentiments held by them all. Finally one cleared his throat, sniffed, concentrated his vision on a corner of the table and said doggedly:

"Listen, chief; we decided it ain't right for one guy to be hoggin' half when th' rest of us on'y gets one-sixt', 'specially when we do all the dirty work. Yuh gotta be more generous with th' money or look up a new gang—at's all."

The chief laughed.

"Look here," he snapped. "You bums should be mighty glad to get in with a man who can put you in the way of real money instead of squealing because you don't get as much as the brains of the gang. What were you crooks doing before you met me? Cheap second-story work—taking a thousand dollars' worth of chances for a twenty-dollar haul. And what kind of a life were you leading? When you weren't in jail you were in some tramp lodging-house on the Bowery. And as for looking up a new gang, I'll go around to Cooper Square and pick three hoboes off the benches who'll do fully as well as you."

"Wotsa use o' gettin' sore, chief?" another interposed in alarm. "We ain't starvin', so let's fergit it. Say, chief, did you read about this Eighth Wonder?"

"What about it?" the chief asked irritably.

"Ain't you him? After we got th' guest's jewels—an' blame few o' them there were—out o' the library safe, some bird sneaks around to old man Buckley's private office in the house an' lifts some 'private family jewels from the office safe, leavin' his card, statin' he is The Eighth Wonder. I figgered that was you, you bein' one o' the guests."

"Well, just remember this, all of you." He glared fiercely at the four countenances about him and spoke with a slow, exact enunciation. "Who I am, where I live or what my professional name is, is distinctly understood to be none of your business. I'm not going to give any of you the opportunity to turn stool-pigeon. And let me remind you: In the event of any sneaky work on your part, I know enough about all of you to send you up the river for some long stretches. Now, how about this newcomer here?"

The newcomer referred to, who had listened solemnly and silently to the discussion, shivered nervously, sniffed several times and looked furtively at everybody, like a prisoner whose case has been called.

"Mike found him," one of the men responded.

"Yeah," Mike continued, "I think we oughta be able to use 'im." He winked, leaned over toward the chief and whispered: "He's a cokey; sniffs it. Give 'im his dope regular and he'll do anything. He's all right; I've known 'im a long time."

The chief inspected the dope fiend closely. He had a shabby, stooped and dirty figure, bright-eyed; pathetically nervous and alert, given to spasmodic nose rubbings and hungry sniffs. The chief's prolonged stare proved very painful to him and caused him to exhibit all his nervous traits.

Finally the chief addressed him in a stern voice:

"You've been listening to things you really shouldn't have heard till I knew you better. But whatever you've heard, essentially you know nothing about me. Any attempt on your part to put something over on me will end in either of two things—

Sing Sing or the morgue. How long have you known him, Mike?"

"Long time, five or six years."

Mike's acquaintance with the stranger was not that many days. Having met him on a bench in Cooper Square, where Mike still hung out from habit, he had seen an opportunity to foist the risky part of his work onto the feeble-minded dope fiend, with no other compensation than a regular supply of cocaine. But Mike did not think it expedient to mention this.

"Sure I'm all right!" the "cokey" chirped in a high, piping voice. "Willin' to do anything; never went back on a pal; reg'lar sport I am; usta be a high-class crook wunst; went on the blink."

"Sure," Mike interrupted, "you was all there, but muffle it for a while. We got other things to talk about."

CHAPTER THREE

THESE was silence in the room for several moments while the chief pulled down the shade, listened intently at the door opening into the hallway, lit the gas in the bare, darkened room and returned to the stark table with the four men seated around it. The dim gaslight was particularly unkind to the features of these henchmen, bringing out in an interplay of lights and shadows every hard line, disagreeable smirk and evil leer in their degenerate faces. The chief, his silky black hair glistening like a well-shined shoe, fished into a pocket and drew out a piece of folded paper. With elegantly manicured though unadorned fingers, he spread it out on the table before them.

"I know wot that is," the "cokey" piped so suddenly that every one gave a startled jump. "Them's plans for some joints yer gonna tackle. I know, all right. I usta be——"

Everybody glowered at him and the dope fiend blinked, but showed no embarrassment.

"Shut up!" exclaimed the chief in an irri-

tated voice, "and look out that you don't know more than is good for you."

"Sure, but I was on'y tellin' yuh—becuz I uster be a high-class crook wunst. Why, me an' another guy b' th' name o'——"

"Shut up!"

"Yeah—o'ny his name was Tony Dorgan, an' me an' him was both high——"

A man sitting next to him grabbed him by the neck and shook him like a rag doll, while the "cokey" gurgled something about "that bein' a helluva way t' treat a guy who was wunst a high-class crook!" But he said nothing further for the moment.

"Gentlemen," the chief began, "our next transaction is for next Tuesday, a week from to-day, to take place at Mrs. Stuyvesant Van Hook's house on Madison avenue. She is giving a ball, to which a good many prominent out-of-town guests have been invited. These individuals, of which I shall contrive to be one, will put their valuables in the safe. I shall know every article that goes into it, so no double-crossing! Say, what the devil are you looking at?"

He broke off to angrily address the dope fiend, who was scanning the plans on the paper before him with painful eagerness, and who started to chirp: "Well, I usta be"—ending weakly with "nothin'," and falling back uncomfortably into his chair.

The chief stared at him suspiciously for a few moments, then proceeded:

"At precisely two o'clock in the morning, by using the entrance I've designated on the plan, you will gain access to the safe. Here," producing a slip of paper, "is the combination. While I am establishing an alibi by sharing a room with some gentleman of my acquaintance, two of you will creep in and nab the jewels. Another will be on guard in a car directly outside the premises, and still another a block further up the street. We can't be too elaborately cautious these days.

"Mike and Joe, you two will enter the house. Red, you will remain immediately outside. What's your name?" The chief snapped this question at the dope fiend.

"Charley Dugan. Maybe yuh heard o' me becuz——"

"You will be subjected to a shave and a face wash and dressed in a passable suit of clothes, after which you will remain on guard a block away, posing as a slightly tipsy gentleman. You men can arrange your signals among yourselves. I'll meet you here at 11 a. m. the same morning to get the jewels and market them. For now that's all I have to say. Mike, you come out into the hallway with me!"

Mike did as he was requested. With the door shut on the other men the chief turned on him fiercely:

"Are you sure this little doped-up weasel isn't going to be the means of getting us all jail terms?"

"Not a chance, chief, not a chance," Mike protested in an oily, reasoning manner. "He's all right. I know 'im. He's got more brains than he looks like he has."

After being finally satisfied on this point, the chief departed. Half an hour later, when Mike and Charley Dugan found themselves alone, walking along the Bowery, the "cokey" was suddenly hauled into a near-by doorway, where Mike displayed an immense fist under his nose and said threateningly:

"You an' me is gonna swap jobs—see! You're th' bloat that's goin' inside the house; I ain't. Get that?"

Dugan mournfully whimpered acquiescence.

CHAPTER FOUR

ON the Tuesday evening for which the robbery was planned the chief, whose name for society purposes was Daniel Montgomery, handsome and dashing in his smart evening clothes, stood gazing at the dancers in Mrs. Van Hook's flower-decked ballroom. The orchestra was playing a dreamy fox-trot in a lilting rhythm which vaguely suggested syncopation. He peered eagerly among the gliding figures of exquisitely gowned women and immaculate men. No man's profession renders him incapable of being in love. He was looking forward to a meeting which he had very

pleasantly anticipated. Finally he caught a glimpse of a lithe feminine figure performing the conservative slides of a more or less genteel dance with as much grace as the dance permitted. Her radiant face was lifted contentedly toward her dancing partner. For an instant Montgomery forgot her in startled contemplation of her partner. His face was familiar—Montgomery had a remarkable memory for faces, and he knew that he had certainly encountered this one before. But where? Long ago or recently? In Egypt, Spain or New York? In what connection—legitimate or otherwise? He found himself totally unable to say.

He waylaid the couple when the dance ended; the girl introduced him as Mr. Edward Waterbury. As they shook hands he was under the uncomfortable conviction that Waterbury's dark eyes were laughing at him. He saw a spoiled, perhaps hazardous, evening before him unless he could place this disconcerting stranger's face.

"If the next dance is open, Pearl, may I have it?" Montgomery asked a little stiffly.

It was granted, and he led her out on the floor. The orchestra was playing a Strauss waltz. As they danced he seemed to be floating down the Danube which the orchestra was musically eulogizing. The girl's hair was pale gold, her eyes were as blue as the sky and her lovely white shoulders gleamed like ivory above her rich and sparkling gown. Her neck, though! What was it that compelled his glance in that direction and held it fascinated—its ravishing beauty? Not entirely. A necklace of some of the largest and most perfect pearls he had ever seen hung down across her bosom.

They were marvelous—almost priceless in value and very easy to market if sold pearl by pearl. With professional instinct he longed to possess them, but he quickly assured himself that he had a sense of honor here. Steal from the girl he loved? The girl he some day hoped—

He was struck with a subtly willing realization of the fact that deception as to his true business would scarcely survive two or three months of married life. Certainly the only manly course to follow would be to sacrifice his love, his aspirations, to refrain

from degrading this trusting girl by marriage with a thief. Oh, yes! He was a thief, all right—a low down crook, to state it in plain terms. He denounced himself with an exalted sense of humility. Had a crook any right to love?

He danced mechanically in silent abstraction. The girl was expectant. Perhaps she had gained from his tense, constrained manner an impression he had not intended to convey. She flashed him occasional inquiring glances, which quite unconsciously said a great many revealing things, but they encountered an inattention which gradually piqued her.

Montgomery's self-abnegation led him to a philosophical state of mind. He could never have the girl; he could never reform.

"It could never be," he thought. "I guess I'm a natural crook."

She was not one of those staying overnight, and would therefore suffer no loss unless—

Why not? She came of rich parents and was abundantly supplied with other jewelry. Perhaps his love was not required. Perhaps she was merely accepting his attentions with a kindly tolerance. That thought had not occurred to him until now.

The next two dances were with other partners. He again led her out on the floor for the third—a spotlight dance in a romantically darkened room. As they glided into a corner for the moment unilluminated he deftly removed the necklace and concealed it in his sleeve, but skilfully as this was done, he had been seen!

The loss was not discovered till some time later. Pearl, though greatly agitated, had a sense of obligation toward her hostess. Knowing the effect that a public declaration of her loss would have, she reported the matter privately to Mrs. Van Hook. Her hostess, realizing that the police would probably insist on a general search of all present which would cause considerable indignation, prevailed on Pearl to delay notifying headquarters till morning, promising her another necklace if the one she had lost was not recovered.

Eventually Daniel Montgomery and the other overnight guests retired.

In the morning the safe was found open and the jewels gone. A visiting card with "The Eighth Wonder" inscribed on it had been left behind.

CHAPTER FIVE

AT about eleven o'clock the same morning Montgomery stepped into the little back room on Bleeker street. His yeggs were all there. He found them viciously cursing the dope fiend, who was whiningly defending himself.

"Me nerves was all shattered," he was wailing. "Didn't have me sniff; couldn't go through with it."

"Can you beat this guy, chief?" asked Red. "Last night he acts like a kid. Huddles down in th' car and won't do nothin' but whimper. This mornin' he comes around tryin' to bum us for money for 'coke.' Wot'll we do with him?"

"What's that?" the chief asked fiercely, advancing toward Dugan with suggestively twitching fingers. "Why, you low-down rat, I'll wring your neck off."

Dugan defensively huddled more deeply into an immense ragged overcoat, which covered every inch of his body, and pulled down an absurdly spacious cap far over his eyes. In another moment the chief's hands were upon him, tugging him from the wall to the centre of the room. Dugan threshed out wildly. In the mêlée his hat was pulled off and his coat ripped open. Something the chief glimpsed caused him to jump back in amazement.

Deprived of the cap, a head of brown, glistening, highly barbered hair was disclosed, and underneath the opened coat, whose buttons had been pulled away, a snappily cut gray tweed suit revealed itself. A pair of expensive decorative cuff-buttons, a nicely manicured hand and a well-polished blue-steel automatic were the next things that attracted Montgomery's attention. But his greatest shock came when he stared into the countenance of this stranger.

Without the grimy skin, the enforced

leer, the nervous facial contortions and the roving eyes, Montgomery saw the features of Mr. Edward Waterbury, the gentleman to whom Pearl had introduced him the previous night, the man who had harassed his memory and filled him with uneasy apprehension!

CHAPTER SIX

"WELL, boys," the former Dugan remarked coolly, "it looks like up the river for all of you. Put 'em up, Mike; put all the jewelry you gathered last night on the table. All right. I guess it's all there."

He extricated some tangled lengths of rope from his pocket and tossed them toward Mike.

"I brought these with me on purpose. Tie everybody's hands behind their backs. Here are a pair of bracelets; put these on the chief."

Mike obeyed in nervous agony, for the man with the gun kept suggestively rattling the rather loosely adjusted trigger; any moment the sensitive hammer might come down and usher Mike into another world to the tune of a staccato bang! Having inspected the knots and presented Mike with another pair of handcuffs to snap on himself, he laid his automatic on the table and stared grimly at the visages of the captured men, each of which expressed fear, fury and humiliation. Montgomery finally broke the silence with a hard metallic laugh.

"Well," he observed in a steady, even voice filled with self-disgust, "you're the first bull I ever saw who didn't look like one. It's really a pleasure to be captured by you. I suppose you have a regiment of police and four patrol wagons outside the door."

"No, I don't need such assistance."

"More glory to do it single-handed, eh? Do you mind telling me how you happened to get in with us?"

Their captor laughed, lit a cigarette and viewed them with satisfaction.

"Kindergarten stuff," he laughed; "that's

all kindergarten stuff. I knew your previous theft was an outside job from marks on the windowsill. There was a thumbprint on the window pane; turned out to be Red Larkin, a cheap Bowery crook. I couldn't seem to find Larkin. All I had of him was a description, but quite by accident I came across Mike while bumming around the Bowery. He made me a proposition and I accepted it. It put me on the right trail."

The smile went out of his face; his features hardened.

"I'm very glad to get you, Montgomery," he continued; "any man who'd steal from a girl he made love to, who showed she adored him, deserves twenty long years. And any man who needs a gang of crooks to take the risks he's afraid to take himself is an insult to the profession."

He walked over and went through Montgomery's clothes. Presently his hand emerged with a necklace. Next he gathered the jewelry from the table and stuffed it into his pocket. Then he went to a telephone in a corner of the barren room which the thieves had had installed for the most non-committal of their communications. They listened to him ring up headquarters.

"Hello!"

"Say, send the patrol down to No. — Bleeker street near the Bowery. Ground floor in the back. That bird who calls himself The Eighth Wonder is here. Get some interesting prisoners. No, my name isn't

Slawson. Who am I? You'll find out later. Good-by!"

He hung up the receiver and, turning to his prisoners, addressed them with a self-satisfied smile.

"There was nothing difficult about my slipping my card in after you yeggs had looted the safe. I received the credit for your first theft quite unintentionally; the second, of course, purposely. Who am I? You've guessed it. Here's my card."

He tossed a visiting card on the table. On it was tastefully inscribed:

THE EIGHTH WONDER

Removing still another from his card-case, he wrote on the back of it in minute print:

"To Slawson—it was kindergarten stuff, all right, but not for you. When the time comes for me to be caught I'll let you do the catching. Am letting you have this gang because I dislike competition."

He stuck the card upon a convenient nail on the wall and appropriated Montgomery's coat and hat. He donned these with an expression of gratification for their fitting so well.

"Kindergarten stuff, gentlemen," he observed, his hand on the knob, "but an interesting and profitable acquaintance nevertheless. Good day!"

The door opened and closed. He was gone.

VANCOUVER BANDITS GET \$75,000 CITY PAYROLL

THREE unmasked bandits held up F. R. Schooley, city paymaster, and Robert Armstrong, an aide, at Vancouver, B. C., and robbed them of \$55,000 in currency intended for a city payroll. The bandits escaped.

Armstrong and Schooley were returning from a bank to the City Hall with the payroll and had reached a point within 25 feet of the City Hall entrance when the men sprang at them, ordering Armstrong, who

was carrying a satchel containing the money, to "drop it quickly."

"I did not drop the bag," Armstrong said, "and all three men fired into the ground. I made a desperate attempt to reach the City Hall door with the three men surrounding Schooley and myself. I was within three feet of the door when one of the men hit me on the jaw, felling me. I suppose I must have dropped the bag, as when I recovered consciousness it had disappeared."

A Robber Syndicate

RECOVERY of \$73,000 worth of bonds, part of the \$265,000 stolen by thieves from the former Hamilton County Bank in Cincinnati last September, and \$80,000 in unused Federal Reserve Bank currency stolen in the hold-up of the Denver Mint, was revealed recently by Federal officers and private detectives.

The recovery was the result of the matching wits by E. H. Matthews, who was president of the Hamilton County Bank, with a band of crooks trying to dispose of stolen securities of many kinds, the total face value of which is believed to be about \$1,000,000.

The story of how the securities were recovered is one of long and delicate negotiations with an agent of the crooks, in which suspicion had to be avoided and utmost secrecy observed.

Mr. Matthews in his telephone conversations used a code so that no "leak" would be possible. When Matthews left for Minneapolis he told his office associates he was going East. He went to a middle Western city and doubled back to Minneapolis.

The \$73,000 recovered was at a cost of \$28,000. Under the terms of the sale of the Hamilton County Bank to the Union Savings Bank and Trust Company, immediately after the hold-up, it was agreed that the stolen property recovered should be sold and the proceeds added to the original \$70 a share the stockholders of the former bank received from the Union Savings Bank. The recovery of the bonds will net the stockholders about \$27 a share additional.

The clue which resulted in the revelations regarding the band came through the discovery of an effort to sell in Minneapolis ten \$1,000 Philippine government bonds, which were a part of the loot stolen from the Hamilton County Bank, but which were purposely not included in the published list of stolen bonds.

It was thought that the robbers would first try to sell those bonds, thinking that they had been overlooked by the bank officials in checking up. The theory proved correct.

Mr. Matthews upon reaching Minneapolis conferred with post-office inspectors and private detectives, and a plan to negotiate for the stolen bonds was arranged. A man designated only as "Mr. X." was introduced to the agent of the robbers as a North Dakota banker who desired to make large purchases of stolen securities to cover his shortage in his bank.

After careful negotiations "Mr. X." paid \$5,000 to the robbers' agent and the ten Philippine bonds were delivered to him. Negotiations for other securities began. A second deal resulted in purchase of other bonds valued at \$63,000, for which "Mr. X." paid \$23,000.

In the second lot of stolen securities delivered to "Mr. X." were Canadian thrift stamps to the value of \$405, which were not part of the plunder in the Hamilton Bank robbery.

A third deal with the robbers' agent resulted in the recovery of \$80,000 of unused money stolen from the Denver Mint, but "Mr. X." had to pay \$48,000 for it. During the several conferences it was learned the bands of thieves had \$973,000 of stolen bonds and other securities which they wanted to sell.

But negotiations suddenly ceased, something having happened which caused the robbers to become suspicious.

Mr. Matthews has received word that \$7,500 of bonds stolen from the bank have been found in legitimate trade channels in Oregon, the present holders being unaware they were stolen. Some of the stolen Liberty bonds also have been received for redemption in Washington.

The Mystery Man

(A SERIAL STORY)

By JOE BURKE

PART TWO

AFTER a hurried supper Riley dropped into the nearest telegraph office and sent away two telegrams. Disclosing his identity to the clerk in charge, he informed him that he would return in a few hours, as he was expecting an answer from each. That done, he hied himself back to Newbury Road and took up his silent vigil, standing in a dark doorway. It was the side entrance to a dwelling house on the corner of a "blind" court. Thus it was possible for him to watch both fire-escape and front door. A side door was also in his line of vision.

"No sleep to-night," he mused, sinking his hands deeper into his coat pockets and turning over in his mind the events of the past few hours.

Where had he seen those cold eyes and massive shoulders of Professor Ulburn before? They seemed to sear his mind with a vague, haunting memory of the past.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened during the early hours of the detective's watch except Effie Scott's routine visit to the lunch-room. At ten o'clock Riley motioned to Patrolman Collins, who was standing near, that he was going to be absent for a few minutes, and the policeman nodded his head and resumed his patrol.

"Answers to your telegrams are here, Mr. Riley," proclaimed the clerk, when the detective entered the telegraph office a few minutes later. "The one from San Quentin arrived an hour ago. The one from New Orleans just came over the wire."

Riley's face was a study as he read the

yellow sheets. Again on the street and wending his way back to his post, his eyes sought the hazy, starless heavens.

"Fred, old pal," he murmured in a choking voice, "if God is with me, you will be avenged before the sun shines on your lonely resting-place. Within that house is the fiend whose bullet sent you to your Maker before your time. I'll get him, Fred, rest assured, old friend, or I'll join you in the great beyond."

Midnight came, cold and bleak. The lonely sentinel still filled the obscured doorway. Policeman Collins halted abruptly and craned his head into the shadow at the detective's whispered:

"Get out of sight, Collins. Quick!"

The patrolman did as he was ordered without tarrying to question Riley.

The detective was tense and alert as he watched a dark form come from a window on the third floor, crouch low, and scurry nimbly down the iron ladder of the fire-escape. The window which he came from was one that furnished light and air to one of the rooms in the Ulburn apartments!

On the lower balcony of the iron framework the figure paused and peered about. Seemingly satisfied with his survey, he swung his body over the rail and dropped lightly to the ground. There he again bent low, and swept the surroundings with a furtive glance as before. Then he scurried off with a jerky, jumping movement.

"The Toad!" gasped the detective as he started after the hopping figure. He removed his service revolver from his hip pocket to a more accessible one in his overcoat. The nipping frost of the winter night was now forgotten by Riley. He had sight-

ed his man, and the chase was on till capture or death—for one or both.

It was a lively chase the misshapen, bouncing figure led the detective. Close under the shadows of buildings the bent-up form hopped, rolled and glided, stopping only in his headlong course when he sprang for cover at the sound of the steady tread or sight of a policeman. Turning into State street in the banking district, the figure dove into an alley at the rear of Nickerson & Haynes, bond brokerage.

Half a block away an arc light clicked and chattered. A splotch of light glowed from a single incandescent bulb inside the broker's office.

There came a sharp snap to the ears of the tense headquarters man. The figure was pushing the jimmied door open gingerly. The next moment he stopped and acted as if he had heard something. The watching sleuth did not move.

Like an animal made uneasy, the deformed figure waited, alert, uncertain. The shiny object in his hand boded danger. Then he faded from view inside the broker's office.

Riley noiselessly glided to the door and listened intently. No sound was audible. Then he entered and stood wary, revolver in hand, listening. By the sickly night light which cast its single glow over the silent office and its somber furnishings, the detective's keen eyes rested on a ground-glass panel in a door on the further side of the room. A dim light was also discernible, and after the clamor of a passing taxi Riley listened to the purring music of the cracksmen. It was an electric drill! How that tempered piece of circular steel droned as it bored its way into the ponderous safe door.

Riley sprang to the office door and kicked it open.

"Put 'em up! Lively, you dog!" Like whip-snaps the twin command shot out as Riley's revolver covered the malformed figure, who whirled with a snarl. "Steady there, you devil. My finger is itching to send you where you belong! Up! That's right."

Gnashing his teeth in maniacal rage, his

reptilian eyes erupting venom, the figure awaited the approach of his captor. Riley could hardly suppress a shudder as he confronted the killer. He was unlike anything that the detective ever came in contact with.

"Bring those paws down slowly, you beast," snapped Riley, his eyes watching the repulsive visage with aversion. "That's right. Now the other, blast you, up."

The "Toad" sprang forward, and Riley's revolver roared, then clattered to the floor. The "Toad" had raised his manacled hands like a sledgehammer and crashed them down on Riley's head, snapping the chain with the impact.

Groping, swaying, and fighting down the numbness that was slowly overcoming him, the detective staggered to the door, determined to block the murderer in his dash for liberty. It came, and Detective Riley met it.

Snarling, biting, clawing like a beast, the "Toad" fought to escape the detective's grip. Chairs, tables and other lighter office furniture were sent crashing over on the floor.

With a mighty effort the "Toad" wrenched himself free and sprang erect. A knife flashed in his hand, then descended with lightning rapidity towards the detective, who was now on his knees, but the sinister, glistening steel never found its mark, for Riley dropped flat. The impetus of the killer's murderous thrust hurled his body over that of the prostrate man. Again they grappled. Straining and heaving, Riley wrestled his opponent. Those gorilla-like arms encircled him, and clutching hands tore murderously at the officers' throat.

At last with a tremendous effort the headquarters man wrenched himself free and reeled back gasping against the wall. His heart pounded against his ribs. Perspiration poured from his blood-streaked face. The "Toad" leered at him from out of a shadowy corner of the room. With a snarl he sprang forward again. The impact sent Riley to the floor, and the "Toad" was off like the wind.

Riley lay where he had been hurled and

fought for breath, wiping the blinding moisture from his face and fumbling for his revolver. The shrill blast of a policeman's whistle apprised him of the fact that the shot and noise of the struggle had attracted attention, and soon the police would be clamoring for admission.

That would never do. He must get away before they came. The present was no time for explanations. He must go after his man and bring him in. That was his duty, for he had the goods on the suspect now. He knew where to find him, and this time he made up his mind the "Toad" would not escape.

The tramp of many feet on the sidewalk without, followed by a loud knocking and gruff commands for admission, aroused him to action. Gaining his feet, the detective staggered to the back door. He could see the shadowy forms in the street, and the door was weakening under their assaults. No bluecoat was in sight at the rear, so, bareheaded, stumbling and staggering, he plunged into the frosty night and headed for Newbury Road.

The cold, crisp air had a stimulating effect on the detective. Stiff, rigid, and swinging pendulum-like at his side, his wounded arm swung in rhythm to his swaying body. He reached Newbury Road at last. Before the Professor's house he stopped. Had the prowling beast fled back to its lair? He would find out. Wounded, weak, and unarmed, he flung himself through the door and staggered up the stairs to the third floor.

Before the door lettered "Professor Ulburn" he halted and pressed the bell. Seconds passed and there was no response. He rang again. Shuffling treads and muttered curses answered the second summons, a key grated in the lock and the door was thrown open.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" demanded a voice that quivered with passion as the colossal form of the Professor loomed up in the doorway, towering over the grim headquarters man like a fabled genii. "Take yourself off, or I'll call the police."

Riley grinned. It was a ghastly attempt. The bewhiskered face scowling down on him was as white as his own. Ulburn was attired in a long, close-fitting silken bathrobe, his hands thrust deeply in the pockets. "He'd send for the police, would he?" thought the detective. "Well, he wouldn't have to send far." At any other time Riley would have enjoyed the little joke. But not now.

"Where is he?" snapped the detective. "One side, Ulburn, I'm going in."

"The devil you are!"

Snake-like the Professor hissed the defy, his arm bending at the elbow, and a white, clenched hand slowly emerged from his pocket, then stopped as he cried: "Well, if it ain't Mr. Brown, whose presence graced my humble apartment several hours ago. What is it this time? Something else drop from my window and muss you up that way?"

"Yes, *something* did drop from your window and mussed me up this way, and I've come to get that *something*. I'm from headquarters, and I'm after a murderer whom I have reason to believe is hiding in your rooms," roared Riley, brushing the Professor aside and stepping within. Ignoring the Professor, he darted from one room to another.

The search was short and thorough, but no lurking fugitive could be found. Ulburn followed the detective in his quest, derisive and sneering.

"Now, Mr. Detective," said Ulburn coldly as he faced Riley after the search, "I hope you're satisfied. You've upset my household and humiliated my ward and myself by your damnable intrusion."

Bracing himself for the culmination of his dogged quest, Riley bowed and said contritely:

"I guess I've been mistaken, Professor, and I trust you'll overlook my intrusion. It's possible that, being a little dazed from a fight I was in, I thought a fugitive I was after had entered your window."

"You saw some one *enter* my window?" ventured the Professor guardedly.

"I thought I did," lied Riley. "I had a mixup with the prowler, and he got away

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from me. I followed him to this block, and imagined I saw him on the fire-escape outside your window. You don't mind if I take a look out there."

"Good idea, Mr.—eh—Brown. Splendid."

Concealing as much as possible his helpless arm, the detective raised a window and crawled out on the fire-escape, but he returned in a few seconds and heard the Professor calling softly:

"Keep still, Jolo!"

Ulburn became silent when the officer came back.

"He isn't there, so that's off my chest," Riley announced as he walked towards the door. "I'll be on my way now. But, Professor," he broke off suddenly as his hand rested on the doorknob, "have you a little taste of stimulant handy? My nerves are shot to pieces, and I feel a trifle shaky."

"Sure, officer, sure," said Ulburn blandly, and he winked with forced joviality. "Even in these dry days one must find a means to obtain his little bracer. I will fetch it to you."

Riley watched the elephantine figure as he walked slowly to a closet in full view from where he was standing. Ulburn returned in a few seconds with a bottle and two glasses on a tray, and set it down on a small card-stand near the door.

"Go to it, officer," he invited, inclining his head towards the liquor and glasses. "Bottled in bond and over a hundred proof. The law says a man can legally treat a friend in his own home."

Riley poured out a generous drink and held it posed. Ulburn did likewise.

"I trust, Professor," said the headquarters man, registering concern, "that you're prepared to protect yourself if an emergency arises; that is, if that prowler should make up his mind to annex himself to some of your wealth? You can never tell."

"Oh, yes, officer, I've got a very serviceable gun right now in my hand. Looks formidable enough. Think so?"

Detective Riley glanced carelessly at the big, blue-nosed weapon which the Professor was holding up for his inspection. Although he held it plainly in view, the detective

noted that he gripped it firmly and by the butt. Riley nodded and raised the glass to his lips, with the brief toast:

"Here's luck." Then with a quick movement of his arm, and before the Professor conceived his intention, he hurled the glass and contents into the giant's face.

With a howl of rage Ulburn staggered to the wall. One hand clawed at his face as the whisky scorched his eyeballs, the other hand gripping the menacing weapon and sweeping the space between them.

A dexterous kick of Riley's heavily boot-ed foot sent the gun spinning against the door, which was now flung violently open, and a squad of policemen with drawn revolvers crowded through.

"Cover *them*, boys," snapped the headquarters man. "Up and down! That's right!" he barked again as the perplexed policemen stared at the lone giant, then at one another and shook their heads.

Riley, who had recovered the revolver from the floor, stood before the enraged Ulburn, whose sight was now restored. A close observer would note that Riley's revolver was pressing his midriff, although Patrolman Collins's weapon was aimed at his chest.

"The game is up, Zimmerman," said Detective Riley. "It's up for both you and your murderous tool, Jabo Nebo, alias the 'Toad.' This is one time in your life that you were beaten in a game of wits. You didn't know that I was unarmed and had one arm helpless, did you? Well, I was, and that beast of a tool of yours did it. Come out here, you dog!"

Then to the amazement of the watching policemen the detective pocketed the revolver, tore open the Professor's bathrobe and dragged forth a little, snarling, deformed figure. The upper part of the giant, another short man, fell to the floor.

"Put the cuffs on this dwarf, Collins," ordered Ryan. "He may be only a half man now, but he's mighty dangerous. Gentlemen; let me introduce you to the 'Toad,' he finished, flinging the snarling, squirming murderer into their midst. "The other man is the brains of this queer combination, but he isn't half as dangerous as this object."

"Glory be to God!" breathed Policeman Collins, crossing himself and staring at the disembodiment. "What next will the devils be up to?"

Detective Riley, somewhat battered, but still in the ring, greeted Chief Lorden and a flock of scribes from the various papers late the following afternoon, eased himself into a chair and told his story.

"When I set out yesterday in search of the 'Toad,' I didn't have the least idea where I was going to begin. I had no clue, only the incoherent description given me by Nick Foster, who found poor Fred Guilden's body." He paused to choke down his emotion, while the others looked away, respecting his sorrow. Clearing his throat, he went on.

"I would have passed a lunch-room where I got what proved my first clue. I'd combed the underworld, and felt pretty certain that the 'Toad' was unknown there. Then when the girl, Effie Scott, whose right name is Eva Trueman, first attracted my notice by her stealthy movements and the gabby waitress' tale about the quarrels, the 'dog-like thing' at the window and climbing the fire-escape, I felt that I was on the right track. The ordering of the three meals by the girls didn't strike me as odd when I learned that the so-called professor was a husky. But the 'dog-like thing' stuck in my crop. Then there was the broken window and the shoe incident and the missing 'lift' which I found on the scene of the crime. Then Ulburn's lies about it and the cry I heard. But where I got my major clue was when I stood face to face with him.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, waxing into an oratorical state, "those massive shoulders, those cold, deep, pitiless eyes; there was only one man that ever crossed my path who possessed them—Herman Zimmerman, renegade actor, circus manager and freak, gambler and bunco steerer and violator of every law of the country! But again I was up against a stone wall. Zimmerman was dead, or at least that was the report I heard a few years back. How I first met him was this way: Before coming East, although

quite young for the office, I was a deputy sheriff in a small cowtown in Wyoming. One day a roving circus hit the town and set up its tent for a week. The boss of the outfit was Zimmerman, and he sure was one swell-looking gent. Over seven feet high, handsome, and shoulders the broadest I ever saw, and that, saying something, for the West is no weakling breeder.

"One of his performers was a South American named Palo Nebo, a trapeze acrobat, and a good one, too. He was an ugly-looking brute, and had all the earmarks of a gorilla, except his legs. They were normal. His shoulders, too, were broad and strong, and a noticeable feature about him was his beast-like devotion to Zimmerman. A few days before the show was scheduled to hit the trail the monkey-man, as the punchers dubbed him, fell while performing and broke his back.

"We shipped him off by stage to a mining town named Quartzburg, where there was a Mercy Hospital, and the show went off two days later, leaving him behind. Zimmerman didn't go with them, letting it out that he sold the outfit to his ticket seller, and said he was going to stick around until Nebo was able to travel—or die. But he didn't die. He returned to town very much alive, but a cripple—a hunchback.

"Zimmerman gambled, had his intrigues with women, and played loose in general, until the boys were getting ready to run him and Nebo out of town. Then came the robbery of the stage from Hillcrest. Jerry Sable galloped his foam-covered horses up to my office one afternoon, and his description tallied so close to those two worthies that I gathered a posse together—Sol Cole, the sheriff, being away—and set out after them. We closed in on them in a ravine in the mountains and brought them in. Well, to make a long story short, they broke jail that night and made a clean get-away.

"Next I heard of Zimmerman was from California. He pulled off a job there and shot at a policeman who attempted to arrest him. They got him finally, and he was sent up for ten years. On his way to San Quentin he snapped the handcuff chain and leaped from a train going at thirty miles

an hour, and landed in the path of another coming in the opposite direction. We got the report that he was killed. That closed our account with him. We heard nothing from Nebo. And I forgot to mention, gentlemen, that the night he and Nebo broke jail he took along with them a widow named Trueman and her daughter, a lovely child of fourteen. The widow helped them in their escape, no doubt.

"I sent off two telegrams that night—one to New Orleans, where Zimmerman's baggage came from—the janitor told me that—and the other to the warden at San Quentin. A few hours later I got my answers. The one from San Quentin stated that Zimmerman was picked up alive, but both legs were cut off a foot or so below the hips. He got well, and served a few years of his time and was paroled, then dropped out of sight.

"In New Orleans he was sailing under the name of Professor Seneca. He was running a dime museum there, and among his collection of freaks was an 'eat-'em-alive' wild man, who answered to the description of Jabo Nebo. The professor was a giant in size, they said, and one night when they arrested the 'wild man' for an assault he couldn't be found. Next day they released Nebo, and an hour later Seneca, as he was known, walked in as big as life—alone.

"That's all I wished to learn, but had to go easy. One time in New York I was attending a vaudeville show. A performer came on the stage in a long Prince Albert coat, danced, and otherwise cut up, much to the amusement of the audience. When he was leaving the stage, after many encores, 'he' broke in the middle. They were twins. Both clever comedians. One was legless. The suspicion of Ulburn was born, gentlemen.

"Then came the 'Toad' down the fire-escape. The fight in the brokers' room. Then the finish."

"But, Mr. Riley," asked a young "cub," looking up from his pad, "how did you make certain that your hypothesis was right at the climax of your remarkable case?"

"I was sure of his identity from the time I entered his rooms the second time that night. But doubly sure when he undertook to ball me out and his underpinning got a dizzy spell and Zimmerman cried out 'Nebo!' You see, the hunchback was a dope fiend, and that was the cause of all the fights between him and Zimmerman. The Trueman girl always thought that Zimmerman was her stepfather, and Nebo her half-brother. She is innocent of everything connected with their misdeeds, although living under a feeling that everything was not right.

She was the peacemaker in their rows, and it was she who pulled the 'Toad' away from the window last night after Zimmerman discovered the missing 'lift' from the shoe-heel and hurled it at him in his fury. Then I noticed that the 'professor's' pants were plentifully spattered with ink. There were pints of that writing fluid running over the floor where we were rolling about. And the patrolmen? Well, I asked Collins to keep an eye on the place if I should happen to leave there suddenly. He did, and when he was relieved at one o'clock he still hung around. He was looking up when I crawled out on the fire-escape to look for the 'Toad.' I dropped my handcuffs as a signal, and he did the rest."

After the newsgatherers had shaken the detective's hand and departed, the chief spoke for the first time:

"That was a good bit of work, Riley, and you're a credit to the department. But of all the foolhardy things that I've ever heard of was your going after them alone, wounded and unarmed. What th—"

"Never mind, chief," grinned the detective, "they're landed, and that's all that counts. Good-day, sir; I'm off to comfort that poor little girl in her lonesomeness."

Chief Lorden chewed on an unlit cigar, then spat it out.

"Go to it, boy," he said heartily. "I guess she's a good girl and needs you. You've never started anything that you couldn't finish, so I don't think you'll spoil your record now."

The Crime Without a Clue

EXTRAORDINARY detective work was disclosed recently with the announcement from the district attorney's office that two mysterious roof murders, committed six months ago, had been solved, three persons having been arrested and one of the alleged slayers having confessed.

On the morning of September 15 the bodies of Louis Rothstein, an insurance collector, No. 204 West 69th street, and Samuel Kearn, also an insurance collector, No. 592 Broadway, Astoria, were discovered in West 59th street, west of Columbus Circle, within half a block of the swirl of motor and pedestrian traffic.

Rothstein lay on the roof of No. 339; Kearn at No. 321. Both had been killed in the same manner. Their neckties had been detached, noosed about their necks in a slipknot, and drawn taut until they strangled. The pockets of both were turned inside-out.

Another peculiar feature was that the shoes of each man had been removed. They were found beside the bodies. The murderers left not even a fingerprint. It was known as the crime without a clue.

Detectives arrested Leon Singleton, nineteen, negro and paroled convict, No. 3 West 104th street; his wife, Helena, twenty-six, and Miss Beatrice Pennyfeather, twenty-five, a comely mulatto, No. 552 Lenox avenue. Singleton, according to Assistant District Attorney John R. Hennis, confessed, and a confirmatory statement has been obtained from Miss Pennyfeather. All are charged with homicide.

The substance of the confession is that Singleton and an unnamed negro used Miss Pennyfeather as a lure to get the men to the roof, then overpowered them and robbed them. Singleton says he didn't intend to murder them, but merely wanted to stifle their cries.

The double crime netted them \$2.07 and an old Ingersoll watch, \$1, from Rothstein, and \$1.07 and the watch from Kearn. They threw the watch away and divided the money four ways, Singleton and his wife taking the extra 7 cents.

The scene of the murders was in the centre of the black belt that stretches toward the Hudson in West 59th street from Columbus Circle. There are few white faces to be seen in that section.

The case was assigned to Sergeant Clarence Daly, in charge of detectives at the West 68th street station, and Detective Sergeant Cornelius Manning. They were assisted by Detectives John Cronin, Joseph Lawless and Joseph Maloney.

Their first act was to visit the block in West 59th street and question every person living there. Altogether they questioned about 1,000 negroes. Out of that number they found one man, whose name is withheld, who supplied them with their first clue. He had seen a mulatto woman walking hurriedly east in 59th street, followed by two negroes.

The detectives had previously deduced that the men had been lured to the roofs for purposes of robbery, and this information shed light on the manner in which it had been accomplished. They continued to work in the surrounding neighborhood. They were amply rewarded.

A woman alighting from a street car had observed an automobile parked at West 60th street and Broadway. She had to turn out of her way to pass it. As she did she saw two negroes and a mulatto woman stepping into it. She thought the automobile was a Buick, but she wasn't sure.

The search was narrowing, but it was still like hunting a needle in a haystack. In the meantime Manning had begun a check of all negroes with criminal records. His eye was caught by the name of Leon Singleton,

who in March, 1922, had been convicted of felonious assault and sentenced to the penitentiary. Later he had been paroled.

One of Manning's investigators learned that Singleton frequented the neighborhood of Columbus Circle, also that Singleton had a Buick car. He was followed day and night. Weeks became months, when another important clue was developed. It was learned Singleton was friendly with Miss Pennyfeather.

That was a short time ago. She was shadowed for a while and arrested. After Manning had talked with her several hours he arrested Singleton and his wife. The confessions followed.

"I had Mrs. Singleton stay at the wheel of the car," Singleton is quoted by Assistant District Attorney Hennis, "and Miss Pennyfeather walked down the street. We followed her at a distance of a half block. We didn't intend to kill anybody."

TRAPPED!

EDWARD FUREY, known also as "Big Bill" Furey and as Ed Miller, has been captured in Lynn, Mass., and two New York headquarters detectives brought him from that city. He is wanted as ringleader in a \$300,000 jewelry robbery, for jumping his bail on a charge of extortion, for confidence games in Palm Beach and Miami, and more recently, as head of a gang who preyed on owners of rich wine cellars, and stole liquor stocks from bootleggers' trucks, by impersonating Federal prohibition agents.

For some time three Lynn police inspectors lay in wait for Furey near a house in Franklin street, Lynn, where he was thought to be hiding, and caught him just as he was about to escape in a motor car.

Furey spent a year in the Tombs in default of \$50,000 bail on a grand larceny charge. When it was reduced to \$1,000 he put up the bond but was immediately arrested on a charge of extortion brought by Joseph Gluck, one of the two Gluck brothers, who as messengers were implicated in a \$1,500,000 Liberty bond theft in Wall Street. He got out on bail again, and failed to appear when his trial was called in October, 1921, since when he has been hunted all over the country.

Furey was a noted figure among crooks and confidence men. He took hundreds of thousands of dollars from rich visitors at Palm Beach and Miami by means of the "pay off" game, and when that got too dangerous to continue, he enlisted a gang as

desperate as himself and started working rich wine cellars along the north shore resorts of Massachusetts.

Their method was, armed with fake Federal badges and forged credentials, to search the premises and levy as big a bribe as the victim would pay, to keep possession of the contraband liquor, otherwise to confiscate and sell it. They varied their operations with an occasional raid on bootleggers' trucks coming in from Canada or small ports, where the liquor had been landed by rum runners. If their fake credentials were not sufficient they took their booty by main strength and holdup methods.

Headquarters detectives Mayer and Brown, who went to Lynn to get Furey, had difficulty in persuading the Lynn police to give him up for his connection with the \$300,000 jewelry robbery, as his depredations around Lynn aroused the authorities there, and he can be held on the warrant on which he was arrested, charging impersonation of a Federal officer.

If brought to trial and convicted of all the crimes counted against him, Furey, who is 46 years old, would have little time to spend outside of State and Federal prisons for the rest of his life.



The Return of Magee

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

AS the great steel-barred gates clanged coldly behind him, No. 27,903, tapper of heels in the prison shoe-shop for the past three years, automatically once more became Squinty Magee, cracksman and safe-blower extraordinary, a confirmed menace to the established social order. He halted for a moment with a shifty backward glance and thoughtfully thrust a calloused thumb and stubby forefinger into his vest pocket. Reassured as to the safety of the five-dollar bill and the railroad ticket with which the State so generously endows its departing enforced guests, in his shapeless prison-made clothes and his squeaky shoes, he started down the long, winding hill road to the station with that peculiar and unmistakable movement that is born of the lock-step. Squinty was of medium height, but of powerful physique, with tremendously broad shoulders and long, loose-swinging, gorilla-like arms. As he trudged downward, leaning forward and staring ahead of him with near-sighted eyes, he pulled his checkered cap tight over his bullet head and drew his face down into his upturned coat collar. A cold wind was whining around him, and by the time he was boarding the train that panted reluctantly to a stop at the tiny station, a gale was blowing. The air was thick with flying snow crystals that bit hungrily into his flesh. Squinty shuffled into the blue haze of the smoking-car and dropped into the first unoccupied seat, where he hunched in his corner and stared out into the storm.

"Now fer th' Owl!" he muttered bitterly under his breath, lifting his knotted hands to stare at them fixedly. "I'm gonna break that guy with me dukes. Th' Owl's sure due to git his."

During all the years of his imprisonment

the poison of revenge had been brewing in the heart of Squinty Magee. Although his career of crime had carried him from the Battery to the Golden Gate, it had been his proud boast that he had never been apprehended, that he had never served time. He had laughed at the authorities and arrogantly snapped his fingers under the very nose of the law. That boast was now silenced. That record was dead. He had done his "bit." This one blemish upon his escutcheon hurt his artist's pride.

"An' it wasn't no fault o' nie own," Squinty was mumbling through tight-set teeth; "no fault o' me own at all, at all. Th' Owl, th' yellow squealer an' worse, sold me to th' 'bulls.' He was in on th' job with me, an' he never showed up. Why? Huh! He squealed, th' dog! It was one pipe fer th' 'flatty' to nab me then. Jus' a little game o' walk right in an' turn around an' walk right out agin. An' yours truly was th' goat. Huh! Th' Owl throwed th' hooks into me, an' I been cookin' up some real medicine fer him. Th' Owl's gonna pay good an' proper. That's one sure bet."

The train clicked monotonously over the rail joints, snow continued to beat with insistent and ghostly fingers against the windows as the night thickened, and the car lurched crazily. Slouched in his corner, his prison-pale face as expressionless as a mask, Squinty was living over again the night of his capture.

With the stealthy movements of a cat he had squirmed through a rear basement window and closed it softly behind him. He was in a hurry, as he had lost valuable time waiting for the Owl, who had failed to put in his appearance. On tiptoe, his light covered, he hurried to the safe and bent over it to examine the combination with his flash.

"A cinch!" he had chuckled. "As easy as cuttin' into a cheese!"

In a twinkling a bit was eating into the steel door of the safe. Then there came a sudden click. Squinty started and stared around blindly in the bright glare that filled the place. Slowly he made out the forms of two detectives bulking above him and grinning at him maliciously as they covered him with their revolvers.

"We've caught you at last, Squinty," one of them laughed. "It's a long lane that has no turning, you know."

"Caught with the goods!" the other chuckled. "This means a little vacation, Squinty, and a trip up the river."

"Yuh can both go to blazes!" Squinty snarled helplessly, realizing that resistance under the circumstances was entirely out of the question.

"No tricks now, Squinty."

"Who put yuh guys wise to this racket?" Squinty demanded sullenly.

"That would be tellin'," one of the detectives laughed.

"Whoever th' bird was," Squinty growled savagely, "he'd better keep away from me. That's one sure bet. I'm gonna croak th' dirty squealer! See?"

"That kind of talk won't help you now," one of the officers cautioned.

"I'll git th' guy jus' th' same!" Squinty insisted.

"Come along!"

"I tell yer I'll git him!" Squinty repeated.

"Tell it to the judge."

"Let's be startin'," Squinty laughed ironically.

They searched him, clicked the handcuffs on his wrists and led him out into the night. Morosely silent, vowing vengeance in his heart, his pride cut to the quick, Squinty had shuffled down the street between his two captors.

"Th' Owl!" he exclaimed abruptly as they came to a halt at the patrol-box.

"What's eating you now, Squinty?"

"I jus' got th' answer to what I asked yuh guys."

"What's that?"

"Who steered yuh onto me? Who's th' bird that's workin' with yuh guys?"

The detectives stared at him.

"An' I guessed th' answer," Squinty finished.

"The answer?"

"I'm wise!" Squinty had chuckled evilly. "I'm wise!"

Squinty Magee came back to reality as the train pulled into Union Station, two hours late because of the storm, which had developed into a blizzard. He hurried through the smoky trainshed, climbed the long stairs and lurched out through the storm doors, to emerge into a world of ghostly whiteness. He could not see ten feet in front of him through the heavy smother. The nearest arc-light was a mere blur.

"Taxi?" a voice rasped at his elbow.

"Naw!" Squinty snapped, swinging toward the voice. "Th' limousine will be along fer me any minute now. See?"

"Th' street cars ain't runnin'," the taxi driver laughed. "Not a wheel stirrin' in th' whole town. Th' tracks are all snowed up."

"So it's snowin', eh?" Squinty sneered. "Ain't that th' news, though?"

He plunged out into the snow, then thought better of it and turned back.

"Come to think of it," he grinned, "me town car's laid up fer repairin' an' repaintin'."

"Huh!" the taxi driver snorted, secretly pleased.

"Run me down to Hen's place," Squinty directed.

"Hen Cody's?"

"There's only one Hen's place, so make it snappy!"

"Climb in!"

Squinty settled on the leather cushions, and with a whirring rattle of tire chains they were off. Very slowly the car plowed its way southward through the rapidly deepening drifts. In Mt. Vernon Place, right at the foot of the tall shaft erected in honor of George Washington, they stalled.

"It's no go," the driver announced dubiously.

"What does th' rest mean?" Squinty demanded.

"We're stuck. That's all."

"Meanin' we can't go no further than this?"

The driver nodded.

"Here's where I begin hoofin' it then," Squinty grumbled, rousing himself and scrambling out into the snow. "I gotta git down to Hen's," he explained as he started away.

"Where's my fare?" the driver called after him.

"Is this Hen's place?" Squinty's voice came back weakly on the wind. "Chase yourself! See? I ain't payin' fer a ride I didn't get."

The chauffeur began to swear, but dared not abandon his chugging taxi.

Then Squinty began fighting his way downtown. Though the wind whipped him like lashes, his exertion kept him warm.

"Ain't this onè swell home-comin' fer a guy?" he mumbled as he paused on a corner in order to get his bearings. "This surely is one nifty evenin'."

Handicapped by his weak eyes, enveloped in the blanket of the storm, he was not able to see even across the street. His sense of location alone saved him from going astray. As he resumed his journey he was shivering violently. During that brief pause his snow-wet and sweat-covered garments had begun to freeze. His shoes were soggy and his feet were getting numb with cold.

"Gotta keep goin'," he muttered weakly. "No more stops fer little old me. Hen's ain't so—"

Then he stumbled and went sprawling headlong, a grotesque figure in a world of shifting whiteness. Floundering about hideously, he finally got to his feet again. Then he glared at a sprawled figure he had uncovered.

"Gosh!" he breathed. "Gosh Awmighty! A man! An' frozen stiff!"

Squinty's eyelids were stiff with frost, and with the uncertain movements of the half blind he scooped the snow from the huddle of humanity over which he had tripped and fallen.

"Poor devil!" Squinty gasped. "His finish, I reckon!"

He straightened stiffly and started to move away. Then he hesitated reluctantly and retraced his steps.

"I can't be leavin' him like that!" he wheezed. "Couldn't leave a dog, jus' couldn't."

Muscle-weary, Squinty settled to his knees and drew the unconscious burden across his shoulders. He lurched to his feet and stood swaying crazily.

"Th' Mercy's only two blocks from here," he muttered with chattering teeth. "This bloke's jus' breathin'. It's th' hospital fer him. Here goes! Hen's place's gotta wait."

The snow was up to his knees, and his progress was of necessity very slow. The snow particles borne by the wind ate into his face and hands like bits of glass. In spite of his strenuous endeavors his clothes were freezing to him.

"One—more—block!" he sighed as he turned the last corner. "One—more—" and his voice trailed off into nothingness.

In that last block, weighted down as he was with his burden, he fell five times. On each occasion it took him longer to get to his feet. He was an hour in traversing that last short distance. Automatically, without much realization of what he was doing, he struggled on and, climbing up the steps to the hospital entrance, collapsed against the door, only to feel himself slipping down—down—down into the black waters of oblivion.

Late the following afternoon, while the blizzard still raged and the winds were howling like banshees through the canyons of the street, Squinty Magee opened his eyes and blinked around wonderingly, trying to put two and two together, so as to get the required four. A white-coated interne bent over him.

"How are you feeling?" the young doctor queried.

"Fine!" Squinty replied. "Fine an' dandy!"

"You had a close call," the interne told him.

"Quit yer kiddin'."

"It was just by chance that the doorman caught sight of you."

"Lucky fer me," Squinty grinned.

"Lucky indeed!"

"Hey, Squinty!" a hoarse voice croaked from the next bed. "Hey!"

Squinty jerked to his elbow and turned his eyes in that direction, at the same time thrusting his head forward, in an effort to see more clearly.

"Huh!" Squinty grunted.

"Thanks, Squinty!" the croaker went on.

"Thanks a lot fer draggin' me in here. I'da been a goner sure if yur hadn't come along. I fell an' busted me leg, an' there I was fer keeps. I'd lost me senses."

"Huh!" Squinty grunted again.

"I was beatin' it down to Hen's place," the voice croaked on, "when I flopped in th' snow. I couldn't move, but I was feelin' warm an' comfy all th' time. I jus' seemed to go to sleep. See?"

"Huh!" Squinty grunted a third time.

"Thanks, bo!"

"Shut up!" Squinty snapped. "An' go to the devil!"

The croaking ceased and Squinty fell back on the pillows to fix his eyes on the ceiling.

"Can yuh beat that?" he muttered, as though it were utterly beyond his comprehension. "Look what I went an' dragged in here! If it ain't th' Owl, th' dirty, squealin' stool-pigeon!"

SURE CURE FOR CRIME

PUBLICITY is the surest method of reducing crime, Henry Barrett Chamberlin said in an address to students of journalism at Northwestern University. Mr. Chamberlin is operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission.

Criminals are organized, they are specialists in their line, he said, just as is the doctor and the lawyer. They must be fought with organization. The power of the press is limitless in co-operating with the authorities.

"If the newspapers decided to-night that crime in Chicago shall be cut fifty per cent. within six months, it will be done," he said. "If newspapers decide to decrease crime they will first insist that criminals be apprehended. Is there sheriff or police official that can withstand their demand?"

The next step, according to Mr. Chamberlin, is vigorous prosecution.

In analyzing crime and criminals, Mr. Chamberlin said the criminal of to-day is a different individual from the criminal of fifty years ago.

"Criminal operations to-day are for the most part the work of professionals," he said. "General practitioners in the crime world seldom make notable records.

"Specialists, with lines of demarcation, as

well defined as they are in the medical profession, are headed by the safe blowers.

"The real stories of crime are not given the publicity they deserve.

"Back of the criminal is always an extensive organization, which rallies to their support whenever they are assailed. There are whole groups of men who have no other means of livelihood than crime. They know the business and its hazards. They have police connections, their sources of information the officers of the prosecutors. They know what judges to avoid, how to take advantage of the law's delay, buy off and intimidate witnesses."

The Chicago Crime Commission has achieved much in overcoming these connections through newspaper publicity, Mr. Chamberlin added.



Back from the Dead

THE use of less than one cent's worth of a drug, a stimulant extracted from the adrenal glands of sheep, saved the life of a baby boy who died during birth in the Borough Park Maternity Hospital, Brooklyn, a short time ago.

The baby, Daniel Isaacson, weighing three pounds ten ounces, stared with tiny blue eyes upon reporters and nurses clustered about his basket. Astonishingly enough there was a faint suggestion of a mustache already upon his lip, the promise of a heavy, healthy beard before he lives out his usual three score and ten.

It was difficult to believe that, just nine days before, he had been dead or regarded as dead by all the accepted signs in medicine. His heart had ceased beating, his breathing stilled. There was nothing to show that he was alive.

It is perhaps a confliktion of terminology to say that his life was saved after he was dead. But that is what Dr. Philip Mininberg, attending physician at the hospital, said happened. He didn't stop to puzzle over the mystical conception of death and life. He decided on a medical experiment which gave the baby life.

The boy and his twin sister, Dorothy, were born to Mrs. Maurice Isaacson, wife of a stationery dealer, of No. 6424 Third avenue, Brooklyn, February 12. Together the two infants weighed five and one-half pounds. The girl was normal in every way except weight. The boy died during birth. Ordinary resuscitation methods failed.

Examining him and finding him developed normally physically, Doctor Mininberg remembered experiments on a man pronounced dead some time ago. With a hypodermic needle he injected a solution containing seven drops of adrenalin into the heart. He drew one-half ounce of blood from the infant's body to relieve taxation of the heart.

The effect of the drug was immediate, and his heart began to beat. Palpitation was kept up by massage and respiration was started with pulmotor and oxygen. The treatment was continued one hour, and not long afterward Daniel had his first meal, fed him with a medicine dropper.

Both babies are doing well, the physician said. Dorothy has gained half a pound and the boy ten ounces in a week. They were cared for a few days in an incubator, but since have been given to their mother for feeding.

Doctor Mininberg said that as far as he knows his experiment, successfully performed, was the first of this nature in American medical history. The drug administered was not costly, he said, the seven drops used costing seven-tenths of a cent. Adrenalin, he explained, was a stimulant he had often used for accelerating heart action. Only the fact that the baby was dead and that extreme measures were necessary caused him to decide to inject the drug directly into the heart.

"I hope this method will prove successful in saving other infant lives when other means fail," the physician added. "I think that prospective mothers should know of this experiment and its results.

"This child was dead about five minutes. We tried ordinary means of resuscitation before injecting the stimulant."

Daniel, despite his diminutive size, shows every sign of thriving. When Miss Anita Grogan, a nurse, held him and his sister up to be photographed he cried a bit, a lusty cry for a chap his size.



Mystery Magazine

The feature stories already published in this magazine are worth reading. The following are the titles of the novelettes contained in the numbers already printed.

- 1 "The Eel Man," by Robert Carlton Brown.
- 2 "Zitana of Maison Rouge," by F. W. Doughy.
- 3 "The Mysterious Web," by Armstrong Perry.
- 4 "Under the Hypnotic Spell," by Dr. H. Enton.
- 5 "The Silken Sheath," by Crittenden Marriott.
- 6 "A Fortune Teller's Secret," by Gladys Hall.
- 7 "The Mystic Emblem," by Marie Coolidge Rask.
- 8 "The Cards of Fate," by William Goode.
- 9 "Mr. Bachelor's Apartments," by W. H. Osborne.
- 10 "The Inner Wheel," by Octavius Roy Cohen.
- 11 "The Voice of the Valley," by Robt. C. Brown.
- 12 "The Sign of the Seven Sharks," by C. F. Oursler.
- 13 "Under a Mask," By Crittenden Marriott.
- 14 "Case 4,444," by Gladys Hall.
- 15 "After a Million," by Police Captain Howard.
- 16 "Shadowing the Blue Triangle," by C. F. Oursler.
- 17 "The Case of Captain Fortesque," by R. Ingalls.
- 18 "The Bird-Headed Sphinx," by Edith S. Tupper.
- 19 "The Double Mystery," by Dr. Harry Enton.
- 20 "The Magician Detective," by C. F. Oursler.
- 21 "King Cobra Mystery," by George Gilbert.
- 22 "The Haunted Corridors," by Wm. H. Osborne.
- 23 "No Man's Man," by Maxwell Smith.
- 24 "The Trevor Puzzle," by T. C. Harbaugh.
- 25 "The Trail of Roses," by Edmund Condon.
- 26 "The Hindoo Vanishing Clue," by Pauline Bouve.
- 27 "Who Was Guilty?" by Beulah Poynter.
- 28 "The Evil Eye," by Chas. F. Oursler.
- 29 "The Thirteenth Door," by Edith S. Tupper.
- 30 "The Game of Detective Carew," by L. Jerome.
- 31 "Law-maker and Law-breaker," by B. Poynter.
- 32 "The Counterfeit Heiress," by Inspector Harrigan.
- 33 "Tracked to China," by Chief Roger O'Brien.
- 34 "After the German Spies," by May Halsey Miller.
- 35 "The Clue in the Box," by Alexander Douglas.
- 36 "Trained by a French Detective," by Rene Renaud.
- 37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieut. Robt. W. Warden.
- 38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
- 39 "The Stain on Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
- 40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
- 41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
- 42 "The Sanctuary," by Wm. H. Osborne.
- 43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows,"
by Chas. F. Oursler.
- 44 "The Sign of the Dragon," by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
- 45 "The Magic of Detective Woo Fang,"
by Frank F. Whitfield.
- 46 "The Decoy," by William Hamilton Osborne.
- 47 "The House With 30 Steps," by Ralph D. Porter.
- 48 "When the Clock Struck 13," by Dr. Harry Enton.
- 49 "A Piece of Blotting Paper," by Dorothy Weber.
- 50 "The \$200,000 Mystery," by Ethel Rosemon.
- 51 "The Case of Dr. Brice," by Mary B. P. Hatch.
- 52 "The Phantom Motor," by Laura R. Montgomery.
- 53 "The Blackjack," by William H. Osborne.
- 54 "The Whispering Head," by Chas. F. Oursler.
- 55 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by B. Poynter.
- 56 "The Secret of the Sealed Book," by E. Rosemon.
- 57 "The Clue of Steel," by Willis Lathrop.
- 58 "Alias Louis Vardon," by Wm. H. Osborne.
- 59 "Mystery of the Old-Time Club," by C. Bingold.
- 60 "Caught With the Evidence," by Ethel Rosemon.
- 61 "A Little Gold Spider," by Cecil Burleigh.
- 62 "The Velvet Touch," by Julian Darrow.
- 63 "The Clue of the Red Lamp," by C. F. Oursler.
- 64 "The Scheme of Solomon Snare," by W. Osborne.
- 65 "Quicker Than the Eye," by Ralph Cummins.
- 66 "The Clue of the Dark Room," by H. Craigie.
- 67 "The Tongue of Osiris," by Marc Edmund Jones.
- 68 "Detective Wade's Big Case," by E. Rosemon.
- 69 "The Spirit Bell," by Charles Fulton Oursler.
- 70 "The House Behind the Wall," by Julian Darrow.
- 71 "The Admiral's Spoons," by Wm. H. Osborne.
- 72 "The Canine Clue," by Thomas J. Lally.
- 73 "The Psychic Enemy," by Arthur Wm. Anderson.
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- 96 "At Moriarity's," by Fred S. Shuey.
- 97 "The Lost Star of the Films," by Jack Becholdt.
- 98 "Counterfeit Clues," by Chas. F. Oursler.
- 99 "The Cross," by W. S. Ingram.
- 100 "The Secret Service Mystery,"
by Hamilton Craigie and Elliot Balestier.
- 101 "A Crimson Price," by Elliott Lester.
- 102 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by G. Jacobs.
- 103 "A Museum Mystery," by Jack Becholdt.
- 104 "The Little Red Book," by J. Alexander Young.
- 105 "A Man from Siam," by Chas. F. Oursler.
- 106 "The Clue of the Emerald Ring," by B. Poynter.
- 107 "Hell's Hinges," by Hamilton Craigie.
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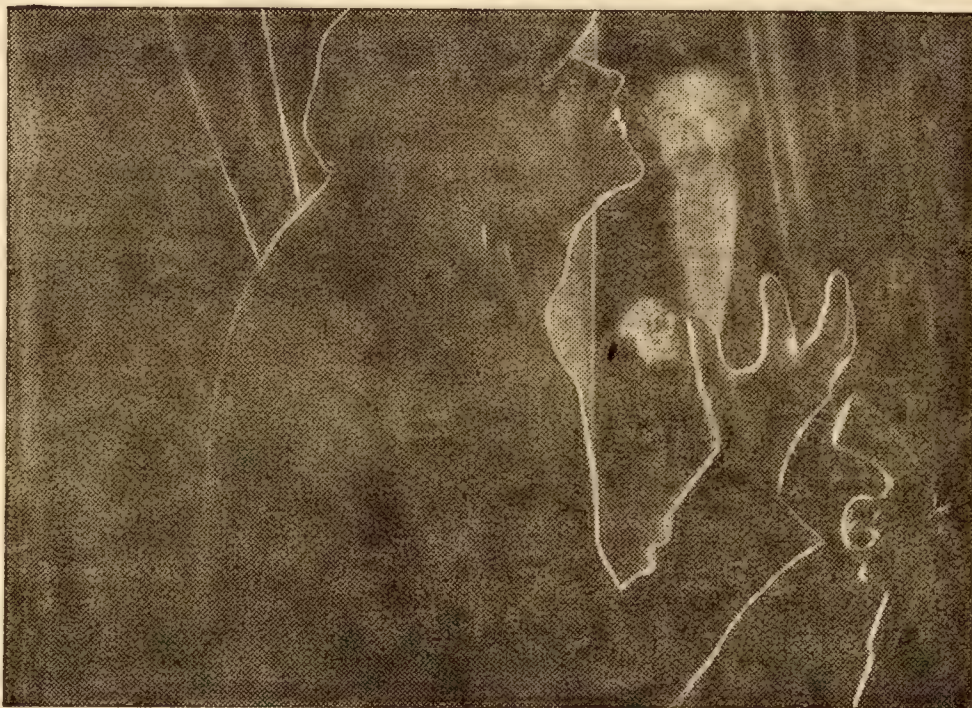
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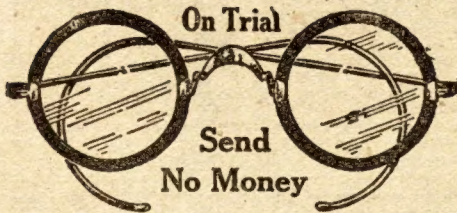
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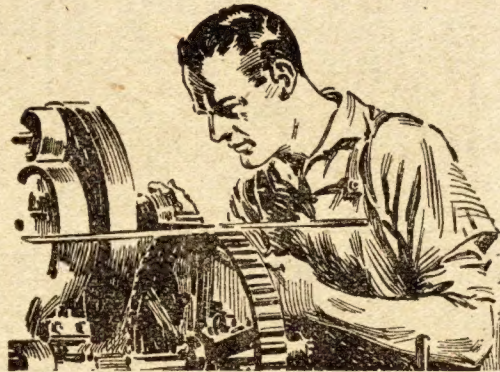
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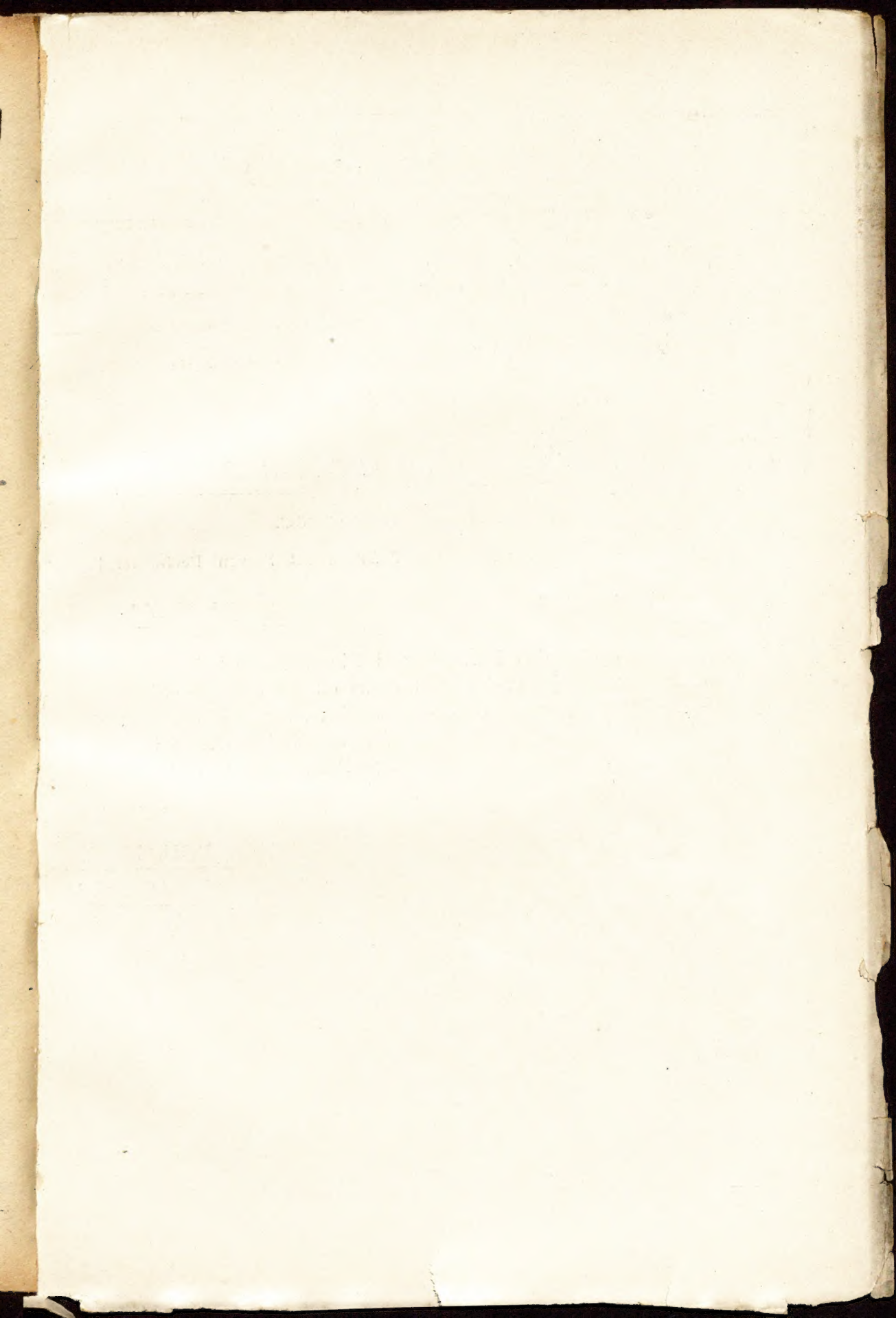
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